National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ABOLITIONIST.

[From The New York Observer.]

I HAVE been in no slight degree affected by the spirit which has excited so great a commotion in these days in the Northern mind concerning slavery. I have heard in imagination the clanking of chains; have shed tears over the pages of Uncle Tom's Cabin; have argued and declaimed, with no little vehemence, in favour of speedy emancipation; in fine, I may with all truth say, I have felt the *passion* which moves the hearts of so many of the speakers at the Anti-Slavery meetings in Boston and elsewhere. If, therefore, I refuse to entertain that passion, and cast it out as evil, it is not from ignorance. I have felt the excitement, the impetus as of a great cause, for the sweeping of slavery from this land, until it became a prolonged emotion (if I may be allowed the expression), and then I became bound, as a Christian man, carefully to analyze it; for no *man*, to say nothing of a *Christian*, has a right to yield himself blindly to the guidance of his feelings or emotions. Several circumstances led me to suspect that the spirit which excited these violent feelings was not of heavenly origin.

I observed it seemed to come in largest measure upon certain men who denied the Deity of the Son of God, and that He had himself purged our sins, and sat down at the right hand of the majesty on high; also at the very time this spirit was upon them, they would deny the inspiration of the Bible, and the Church to be a divine institution, and would assert that the theatre was a better reformer than the Church. I thought it strange that these should be the priests upon whom the holy anointing should rest, but still I remembered God's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts.

I was greatly staggered at perceiving that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" became a favourite book with the men of the theatre, with harlots and blasphemers, and I understood that men who feared not God, neither regarded man, hung entranced over its scenes, as represented in the drama; and yet, thought I, this book is acknowledged to be the highest and purest the spirit of abolition has inspired, the greatest of all its works! Strange it should be adopted into the assemblies of the wicked, where the words spoken by the Son of God can get no access except to point a jest! The suspicions awakened by these things might, however, have been laid to sleep again, had not certain thoughts put forth by Isaac Taylor, upon Fanaticism, and read by me several years since, recurred to my mind with peculiar force; in fact, the thoughts were suggested by a very natural association of ideas, for I could not but ask myself, is it indeed a pure philanthropy which calls forth these violent harangues, these furious gestures, and leads men to go defiant of law and entice slaves from their masters? At any rate, thought I, let me examine this spirit in the light of the Gospel and the judgment throne—this spirit now working in me, what is its origin and whither does it tend? I came from the examination convinced that it is no other than the FANATICISM which for thousands of years has been roaming the earth; which, with the "scourge, the brand, the banner, and the symbol," has filled the world with confusion and violence, and counted its slain by millions. Through all its disguises may be seen the unmistakeable features. And now I will give my reasons for the conclusion, and perhaps they may prove as satisfactory to some other mind as they have proved to my own.

I found this spirit, entirely unlike true philanthropy, awakening a *mere fruitless excitement*, and love of agitation. Always after the immediate effects of an Abolition meeting have subsided, the question would return, "*Cui bono?*" Why this waste of emotion, from which can arise no practical good? And yet the excitement grew, and the thirst for it grew. I observed, also, that even in private life, discussions upon slavery could not ordinarily go on without violent language. I well understand, from past experience, the scorn and rage the Abolitionist feels when one dares to differ from him on the question of human rights. I may here remark, too, the effect this excitement had in hiding from me, at least in diverting my attention from, the vital truths of the Gospel. It has been thought, I believe, that the mind cannot be exercised by two great emotions at the same time; at any rate, I know that when the slavery question was before me, it claimed the supremacy over all other questions. Slavery was *the* sin, deliverance from it the one thing; altogether secondary to that was the salvation of the black man's *soul*. Grappling with slavery was the work of the times, the task given us Northern ministers to do! How tame compared with this is the preaching the way of salvation by the Atonement, the depravity of the heart, its need of renewal by the Spirit of God, and the infinite peril of man out of Christ. And what, I asked again, is the effect of this agitation but to turn the attention of both preacher and hearers away from the great and solemn issues of life? and thus we have agitation at the risk of the soul's eternal destruction, and of no possible benefit to the black man. Not one of my Abolition friends has yet, in my hearing, suggested a remedy for slavery, except agitation. Not one Abolitionist minister with whom I am acquainted is willing to go and, upon any of the hundreds of plantations open to the Gospel, proclaim the truth as it is in Jesus. The Abolitionist has other work just now.

But what struck me with more force still was the *malign hatred which constantly* accompanied this spirit in its actings. I found I became exasperated with all who would not agree with me; I made no scruple of *sitting in judgment* upon other men's consciences, but chiefly, and above all, I hoped for insurrections in the South. I verily fear there was a time when I should have rejoiced at the tidings that the slaves had risen and butchered their masters, and my face would have been lightened with the fanatic's gleam of satisfaction, as are so many faces now, at the tidings that rifles and bowie-knives are imported into Kansas. Do we not, every Spring, hear, from *philanthropists* on the platform, the cry for blood? Do not thousands cheer as eloquent men call for dissolution of the Union? What did that New England divine mean, the other day, when he advocated the leaving the South to itself? when he would not send there the Gospel of salvation? It needs no interpretation; it is the same cruel voice which has spoken a thousand times in the Inquisition and Vatican, and which would fain cut off men and nations from the mercies of God.

But I will not prolong these confessions. There is one other point, however, to which I must allude. *I found this spirit leading directly to infidelity.* I am told many professing Christians have already, under its influence, apostatized, and that some even among the ministry have gone over to fatal errors. I do not wonder, as I remember my secret dissatisfaction that the Bible did not speak forth against slavery—that Christ and his Apostles should be silent upon a question of such interest. Still more dissatisfied was I at finding slavery ingrafted into the Covenant with Abraham, which I had been taught to believe was the Covenant upon which the visible Church was founded. I can easily see, therefore, why the Abolitionist should cast away the Bible, in which servants are taught to be obedient to their masters, and in which one man is forbidden to judge another's conscience. These, with other consideratious, have led me to renounce this spirit with abhorrence, as not from God. OMIKRON.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT PIERCE.

[From The Oswego (N. Y.) Gazette, October 16.]

THE letter which we publish below was written, as its date imports, something more than a year ago. It had reference, of course, to the state of things then existing, but is no less applicable to that of the present time. Though written only for the perusal of the individual addressed, it so briefly and plainly and so well expresses the views of the President, upon questions of interest to the public, and upon which we have differed from a portion of those in this State with whom we have acted politically, that we deem its publication at this time as not only proper, but due to the cause with which we are engaged—the cause, as we believe, of our common country.

The letter shows most explicitly the President's firm adherence to the doctrine of non-intervention, his patriotic determination to stand openly upon the same platform of correct principles at the North and at the South, whatever may be the consequence to himself or to his party, and, at the same time, his perfect faith that the "intelligence and patriotism of the people" will appreciate and approve the right whenever it is fearlessly presented to them.

We commend the letter to the attention of those who have sometimes charged upon the Administration Free Soil proclivities, as well as those who wish to cater for Abolition support by "significant silence," or, worse still, by making platforms substantially like that made at Buffalo in 1848, or, at least, capable of being so understood.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 26, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR: Accept my thanks for your kind letter of the 22d instant, in the general views of which I heartily concur.

The members of our party can only act together cordially and efficiently when they can cordially recognise a common platform.

The principle of "non-intervention," which constitutes the leading feature of the Nebraska and Kansas bill, received the sanction of the Democracy of the Republic in 1852. It was reaffirmed by more than seven-tenths of the Democracy of the House and Senate upon the passage of the bill referred to; and will, within eighteen months, furnish, from its inherent soundness, the strongest issue we can tender to our opponents.

But even if it were otherwise, are we to abandon the right, or manifest our want of faith in the intelligence and patriotism of the people, by significant silence?

If we of the Northern and Middle States are unable to sustain ourselves upon the ground of maintaining for, and securing to, the people of every State and Territory of this Union all their constitutional rights and immunities, our nominal ascendancy would cease to be either honourable to ourselves or useful to the country. Besides, so far as the Democratic party is concerned, all experience proves that every apparent advantage gained by a temporizing policy, or by concessions to error and fanaticism, have only resulted in ultimate distraction and weakness. Individuals who desire to retain nominally a position in the Democratic ranks, but who are unwilling to stand upon a national platform, should understand that, while the masses can well dispense with their co-operation, they cannot, by silence, occupy a doubtful position upon fundamental questions affecting the cordial and permanent union of these States, without losing public confidence and with it self-respect. I am, with high esteem, your friend, FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Hon. J. J. Taylor, Oswego, N. Y.

Selections.

ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENT IN KENTUCKY.

[AMONG THE STANDARD'S exchanges is *The Weekly News*, published at Newport, Ky. (opposite Cincinnati). This paper assails the "peculiar institution" with much boldness and vigour. Here are a few of its recent editorials, which we are sure will be read with no little interest by the friends of freedom in the free States.]

SLAVERY AND DEMOCRACY.

IF the Democratic party should adhere to the institution of slavery and support it, the American nation will fall into the hands of the Whigs. If the Democrats want to lose their power, let them support an institution cursed by God and despised by all men of every party, the surrounding nations, and by a large majority of the American people. We warn our friends to let the evil alone. It puts the black man in chains and curses the white man's labour. The United States require no such impediment, and it has been fully proved that the free States get along better without it. Slavery is anti-Democrat, anti-Christian, and should be discouraged by all good people.

Col. T. L. Jones was the pro-slavery K. N. Democratic candidate, and said, in his canvass, he despised an Abolitionist, and he despised so many of them that they did not elect him to the Legislature. The Col. did not understand the heart sentiment of the people, or perhaps he would not have been so hard upon the anti-slavery men. There is no use in denouncing men for their honest opinions. We do not denounce Col. J. for his. Every man has a right to his own opinion, and we shall ever strenuously support that right in others for the sake of enjoying it ourself—hence we will be cheerfully permitted to say, that it is our opinion that slavery is a curse to the working men of Newport and Covington, a blighting curse to the State of Kentucky, and a deep stain to the character of the United States. The man that says the subject should not be agitated dreads the refulgent beams of righteousness to shine in upon him. No man fears to encounter and defend a righteous position, nor does he dread to investigate an institution that he believes is free from corruption. All God's children love LIBERTY, and tyrants only are disposed to deprive them of that right. Democracy and Slavery are two direct opposite elements, and one or the other must fall. If the slave States do not prosper like the free States, what friend to America would wish to add another to the Union? Let it be remembered that real industry wants no slave to do its work. Laziness only seeks to enslave his fellow (be he white or black), to live upon his industry, and then boast of his ingenuity in the accomplishment of the act, all of which is entirely wrong. It is wicked.

WORKING MEN AND SLAVERY.

The strangest thing in America is to see white men that have to *work* for a living encourage the continuance of black men in slavery. Suppose, now, that all the little and short-nosed men in the city of Cincinnati could be *enslaved* and made to work for their victuals and shabby clothing as black slaves do, then, of course, the employer would not hire the big and long-nosed men at $2 a day, when he could get short-nosed men that would do as much work for their food and clothing only; certainly the long-noses would have to work for about the same that the short-noses did or go idle. Now, if this state of things were to be started in Cincinnati, our Newport working men would complain very much of the "peculiar institution," and would, no doubt, want to abolish it because it affected their interests by reducing their wages. If the Newport WORKMEN were to try to restore the Cincinnati short-noses to their freedom, the Cincinnati employers would call the Newport WORKMEN a set of damned Abolitionists, and tell them to clear out and let their "peculiar institution" alone.

It is clear that working men operate against their own interests when they encourage slavery, either in the white or black race of men. To enslave any part of the human family brings a curse upon the other part and causes the employers to tyrannize over the whole. Hence it is that the well-wishers of the human family oppose the institution of slavery, not only because it enslaves the black people, but because it enslaves the white people also, and leaves the whole working mass a prey to the influence of domineering wealth. Suppose the Cincinnati employers had the right to sell the wives and children of the short-noses, as do the slaveholders those of black skins; would not the Newport working men feel it their *duty* as well as their *interest* to liberate the short-nosed WORKMEN of Cincinnati? Our own opinion is that they would, and that there would be a hundred fold greater struggle to liberate them than there was to make the steam-packet Commodore burst the chains that bound the free waters of the Ohio River, and that forced men into one solitary channel to cross over it. When working men view slavery in its true character, there will be none found to advocate its perpetuity upon the black or any other race of men; for every word spoken by them in favour of slavery is a word against their own interest, their elevation and dignity as MEN.

TO SLAVEHOLDERS.

It has been proposed to us, by several gentlemen who own slaves in Kentucky, that they (the slaveholders) hold a Convention at Frankfort to adopt some plan for the Abolition of Slavery, and that we so announce it; and that Hon. W. H. Luke, of Pendleton County, a slaveholder, be appointed by the friends of the Convention as one in this part of the State to draw up a proposition for its gradual abolition; and that the same be published in *The Kentucky Weekly News*. It is also requested by the friends of FREEDOM in and about Newport that Mr. Luke present his views upon the importance of a Convention to the readers of the *News*, and that all favourable to a Convention, and the ultimate freedom of our State, respond thereto.

Should the fertile soil of Kentucky be declared FREE by the slaveholders themselves, the pride of "our country" would be turned toward Kentucky, and the surrounding nations would "rejoice with joy and full glory."

The day brightens for the freedom and prosperity of Kentucky and the inestimable VOTE BY BALLOT.

The primary element of our State smiles at "the smoking fire brands" of slavery and bids it adieu. The high vault of heaven has opened her daylight of REASON upon the system and made visible the pit to slavery's highest ambition, into which her posterity must inevitably fall.

"If the black men are set free in the slave States, there will be no such thing as governing the white labourers," said an employer, yesterday, in Cincinnati. "Why," said he, "every sort of business would be stagnated. The mechanics and labouring men would raise the price of a day's work so that employers could not hire them, at the rates contracts have been taken. At the rates produce sells now, working men could command $4 per day, and the wealthy builders and manufacturers would have to undertake work at over double the present rates. Every man that is wealthy is benefited by the system of slavery, because it knocks down wages and gives him a chance to get double the work done for the same money; besides, it makes white men saucy to pay them high prices for their labour—consequently, I go for negro slavery—it keeps the black man in his right place and prevents the white labourer from getting above himself."

Here is one reason why some men in free States go for black slavery. It is for the purpose of making *white* negroes.

THE ENEMIES OF THE SOUTH.

The real foes of the South are not those who labour to make her more free, more prosperous and more secure. The enemies of the slaveholding States are not those who deplore the existence of the cursed institution of human bondage. The real enemies of the South are those who would fasten this blighting stain upon the rich and fertile South for centuries to come; and the mad demagogues who are ever trying, for political purposes, to get up panics or to commit some new encroachment upon the constitutional rights of the free States. These men would madly build up a despotic power in the Federal Government to effect their purposes to-day, reckless that to-morrow that same despotism may be wielded to destroy the undoubted rights of the slave States. The moderate men of the South, the sober and reflecting portion of the citizens of that section of the Union, want no such ultraism. They foresee that tyranical precedents in their favour may come to be a bitter lash in the hands of Northern fanatics. They deplore slavery and wish earnestly for some mode of abolishing it without risk of social convulsions. They know that the South stands now on the brink of a mighty volcano—and that within a week, or month, or year, incendiary fires may sweep over the garden of America, and a servile war bring with it all the horrors of its doings. These moderate thinking men know that the danger of such scenes grow more imminent as the slaves' veins are infused with Anglo-Saxon blood. They know that even if the slaves could be forever kept down, still slavery retards the growth, hinders the prosperity, and covers the South with as much ignorance as pride.

A negro woman was killed in Williamson County, about a quarter of a mile from Beach's tavern, on Wednesday last, by Mrs. James Baolton. It appears that Mrs. B., exasperated by jealousy, whipped the woman, who belonged to her husband, scalded her, knocked her in the head with a spade, and finally hung her. We learn that Mrs. B. confesses to the killing, but avers that it was done in self-defence. She has been arrested and the affair was to have undergone a judicial examination yesterday. Our informent says that Mrs. B. is rather a good-looking woman, and appears to be about thirty years of age. If the circumstances of the murder are such as stated to our informant, they are perhaps without a parallel in atrocity in the criminal annals of the State. For the sake of humanity, we hope they are misrepresented.—*Nashville Banner.*

Had the negro woman been FREE and had the command of her own person, in all probability there would have been no cause for Mrs. James Baolton's *jealousy*. But such are the *beauties* of slavery—the wife and mistress of the house must have "negro women" *(slaves)* to wait upon her ladyship, while the lord of the house, to crown himself as a *gentleman*, must be the father of a few mulatto children. The system of slavery carries its own curse with it, and not only damns the State that supports it, but carries a curse into the bosom of every family that encourages the "peculiar institution." Hence a female slave may be forced by her master into debauchery against her will, and then slain by her mistress for a crime she could not avoid.

This is an institution that a few of our would-be-Democrats in Newport are going mad to sustain; but, like everything else of the kind they have attempted to support here, it must also fall; and God send it ever may. Democracy in its purity calls upon no system of tyranny from any State for its support, nor upon any sect or ism of the day. It is an element of equal rights and freedom, boundless and uncurbed by the institutions of any State, and bids defiance to the sectional cavils of political men.

THE PRESIDENCY AND SLAVERY.

The next Presidential contest will be, "Shall *Slavery* or *Freedom* rule America?" The answer will be a tremendous shout of "*freedom!* FREEDOM!! FREEDOM!!!" We presume that the DeCourcy Democracy here will take the side of *slavery* and oppose *freedom*; consequently it will not be long until this faction denounces slavery, like its leader did Know-Nothingism, when he found it was too weak to elect him. We are astonished to see such curious freaks of terror and hypocrisy in men, and not a few in this State would tremble to declare right out that they were either a friend or a foe to the "peculiar institution." They say they don't want to meddle with it one way or the other. The truth is that the great mass of the people are, in their hearts, opposed to slavery, but, for the want of courage, they dare not declare it, and are hushed into silence by the frown of slave masters; but this feeling should not exist; no man should feel himself subservient to another; all are citizens of Kentucky alike, and every man in the State has a right, as a citizen, to support or reject her institutions. Does any one deny this? Certainly not. Why, then, should any one be afraid to express his sentiments for or against slavery, or for or against any other existing evil? We are opposed to slavery and we publicly proclaim that opposition, believing, as we do, that slavery is a sin, repulsive to humanity and a clog to the vital interests of our State, to education and the prosperity of our people. Those who think differently, and choose to oppose us, are welcome to do so in the columns of the *News*. This we consider democratic, open and fair; and if our opponents will but come out and express their sentiments like we do, face foremost to the world, it will uncap the pent up billows, smouldering in the dreaded pit of disunion and bring the North and South together upon the platform of REASON, and like brothers agree upon a plan for the quiet and peacable abolition of all manner of slavery in the United States. Free discussion expands the mind, destroys ignorance and banishes the covetous Demon lurking in the human breast; and we have no doubt that the subject of slavery now before the Democracy of Newport will be productive of much good.

Let it be remembered that the great question before the American people will be, "Shall Slavery or Freedom rule America?"

SLAVE MARRIAGES—RIGHT OF FUGITIVE SLAVES IN A FREE STATE.

From The Philadelphia Gazette, October 18.

THOMPSON *agt.* WILSON.—In the District Court for the City and County of Philadelphia, October 12th, 1855.—This was an action of ejectment to recover the possession of a house and lot on the north side of Carlton street, near Sixteenth street.

The plaintiff was the daughter of Robert Thompson, a coloured man, who was a slave in Virginia, and ran away and came into Pennsylvania about 1835 or 1836, and in 1842 purchased the lot of ground in question, and built a house on it. It was in evidence that he lived and cohabited with a free coloured woman in Virginia, to whom he was reputed to be married, and by whom he had ten children, of whom the plaintiff was the only survivor.

After he came to Pennsylvania, he sent for this woman; but before she arrived here he formed an acquaintance with another woman, whom he afterwards married. The wife from Virginia also married again after her arrival here. He died about 1850, leaving both wives and the plaintiff surviving him. The first wife is since dead. The property was in possession of the tenants of the second wife, and the plaintiff claimed as heir of Robert Thompson. The Judge charged as follows:

Sharswood P. I. "This is a curious and interesting case. Robert Thompson was a slave. He married a free woman in Virginia, then ran away, came to Philadelphia, married another woman, purchased the lot of ground in question, improved it, and died. The plaintiff is the only survivor of ten children by the woman whom he had in Virginia. If the last wife of Robert Thompson was his lawful wife, she is entitled to the property.

"The plaintiff must recover on the strength of her own title. If any person else has a better title, she cannot recover. There are two questions of interest presented in this case.

"1. Could Robert Thompson, a runaway slave, hold property in Pennsylvania?

"I think he could: except that he could be reclaimed by his master, he had all the rights of a freeman. The act of Assembly of 1780 having abolished slavery in Pennsylvania, he is to be deemed and adjudged a freeman, except for reclamation by his master. Until a fugitive slave is recovered by his master, he is to be deemed to have all his civil rights. As between himself and all other persons, except the master, he is to be adjudged a freeman. If the master should come and claim the property, it would present a different question, which I am not now called on to decide.

"2. Was the plaintiff a legitimate child of Robert Thompson?

"This is to be judged of by the law of Pennsylvania. The law of Virginia, which legitimates the children of null marriages, has no power to make a bastard a legitimate child, so as to inherit property in Pennsylvania. Were Robert Thompson and his wife living in lawful wedlock at the time of the birth of the plaintiff? That depends on the law of Virginia. We are without evidence as to what that law is, respecting the marriage of slaves.

"No civil rights, as against the master, can be acquired by the marriage; but as between the slaves themselves, I am not satisfied that the marriage and its effects are not valid. The law of the forum in the absence of proof of what is necessary to constitute a valid marriage contracted elsewhere, is the rule of evidence. Cohabitation and reputation are evidence of marriage in Pennsylvania, and a lawful marriage may be inferred from them. I see no reason to distinguish this case from any other.

I leave to you the question, whether Robert Thompson and this woman lived and cohabited together as man and wife in Virginia. There is some little difference in the testimony of the witnesses. Some said they lived and cohabited as man and wife, and others that they lived and cohabited as man and wife as slaves do. And I will reserve for the Court in Banc whether, upon the whole evidence, the plaintiff is entitled to recover.

Verdict for the plaintiff.

Wm. S. Peirce for plaintiff; Benjamin H. Brewster for defendant.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

Oh! it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is almost lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far above reason's height, and reached
Only by child-like love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways
Love's life-long study are;
She can be bold, and guess, and act,
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;
Her step is firm and free;
Yet there is cautious science, too,
In her simplicity.

Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

O, bless'd is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible!

And bless'd is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

O, learn to scorn the praise of men!
O, learn to love with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul!
Muse and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field;
Good luck shall crown thy part!

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

THE PRESS ON WISE'S LETTER.

From The Boston Telegraph.

AFTER this specimen of Southern politeness, we hope that the Committee will stop sending invitations to slaveholders. Most of them have no more idea of what good breeding consists of than a wild and unbridled Hottentot, and would be as much out of place in civilized society as a prize cattle show pig in a Beacon street parlour.

From The Boston Atlas.

Not to put too fine a point upon it, Gov. Wise, in his letter to the Anti-Slavery Committee, which we publish elsewhere, has shown himself to be a bit of a blackguard. Indeed, he seems to have bidden farewell, not only to his good manners, but to his senses. Such a swaggering, ranting, railing, ill-contained bully never was and never will be. The Lord help his "niggers," if this be the way he treats white people! The fine gold of Virginian chivalry has indeed become dim, when her Chief Magistrate does not know how to answer a letter like a gentleman. About the reply of Senator Douglas to the Committee there was a sort of bull-dog sincerity; Senator Butler was all courtesy, and Senator Soulé was civility itself; but this Gov. Wise reminds us of a yelping little terrier, all bark and bristles, rushing out of an area to bite the heels of larger animals, and retiring at the first kick, with indubitable expressions of pain.

But let us be serious. When we reflect upon what might have happened had Mr. Wise accepted the invitation, we are filled with horror. He mounts the platform—he grows warm as he speaks—he draws "the sword of Virginia"—he assassinates Dr. Stone upon the spot. Then, as he proceeds, the dreadful consequences thicken. The spectators fall down in fearful convulsions—the clock stops—the organ gives a pedal bass groan—the walls tremble—the lamps burn blue—the roof is blown off, and the Tremont Temple sinks to the earth, a shapeless pile of ruins! Let us thank Heaven that good Thersites is not coming here to rail.

From The New York Times.

ONLY WISE.

The Governor-elect of the State of Virginia has sometimes been called Other Wise, but, as he dates his letters from a place with the very exclusive name of Only, it would be very well to distinguish him from other Wises by calling him Only Wise, being careful always, for the sake of avoiding misunderstanding, to use a big O. There may be other Wises in Virginia who are not like Wise, and who would not care in anywise to be mistaken for him. John Randolph chose to individualize himself by signing his name with the addition of Roanoke, and Mr. Wise might, leastwise, give his name the prefix of his residence. We published, a few days since, his letter in reply to a respectful invitation from a Committee of gentlemen in Boston to deliver a lecture on the subject of slavery, which was not only discourteous and bombastic, but extremely ruffianly, and every one on reading it must have said, "It is Only Wise"; for it was a perfectly characteristic letter. As Mr. Wise once boasted of representing a district in Congress in which there was no newspaper published, it is not probable that any of the comments which his reply has produced will ever be seen in the neighbourhood of "Only, near Onancock"; but we do not believe he will feel much flattered by the reception of his bullying reply to a perfectly respectful and proper invitation. Mr. Wise is the Governor elect of this chivalrous State, and may, in some sort, be regarded as a representative Virginian, but we do not believe that this rudeness and incivility will be regarded by the Virginians themselves as properly representing their temper. Mr. Wise declares himself all ready for a fight, like a bully who goes into a company of quiet gentlemen with his shirt sleeves rolled up with an avowal that he is prepared to lick his weight in wild cats. But as nobody has offered any violence to Mr. wise, he will be under the necessity of venting his exuberant pluck upon some innocent "property" in his possession at Only.

The Baltimore *American* has administered a very telling rebuke to the "foolish braggadocio" of Mr. Wise, which, we doubt not, more justly reflects the spirit of the South than the fighting letter of the sage of Only.

From The Baltimore American, Oct. 16th.

It must be regretted that any gentleman occupying the position of Mr. Wise would have signed his name to such a letter. Its harsh tone, unnecessary violence and foolish braggadocio, are equally reprehensible, and can only injure himself. The object of the Committee, and the propriety of Southern men visiting Boston for the purpose of lecturing upon the question of slavery, may be doubted, but a respectful invitation, couched in the language used by gentlemen, and not contemplating a purpose inherently bad or disgraceful, deserves and should receive a respectful reply. Differences of opinion, even as broad as those which separate Mr. Wise from the Boston Committee, cannot justify the absence of courtesy.

The reply of Mr. Wise, as he well knew, will receive the widest publication. It will be read not only by the Committee whom it was his purpose to insult, but by thousands of honest, Union-loving, conservative men of the North, men who are just now endeavouring, and not without some success, to stem the tide of fusion and black republicanism, and it will be to them a cause of reproach and regret that while the North has a Wade who declares that he "goes for no Union at all but for *fight*," the South has a Wise who, in the same spirit, presents as his phase of the subject so great a readiness to "*fight* if we must."

We do not know whether "Only, near Onancock," is ever penetrated by the newspapers, but we imagine, if Mr. Wise could read half the comments that will be drawn forth by this letter from those whose opinions he ought to value, he will regret that, in a moment of undue excitement, and to gratify an exaggerated liking for wordy warfare, he permitted himself to appear before the public in a letter which has more of the attributes of passion and prejudice than the calm courtesy that befits the public man, even when addressing an opponent or refuting an imputation.

From The Tribune.

FALLEN VIRGINIA.

We have already laid before our readers the curious letter in which the Governor-elect of Virginia saw fit to refuse the invitation of the Boston Anti-Slavery Society to set forth in their course of lectures such views of slavery as he may happen to entertain. It was indeed rather a comical production than otherwise, and, as is apt to be the case with the productions of so ill-balanced a mind as Mr. Wise's, merited in itself no other notice than the ready laugh which it excited; but, as coming from the chief magistrate of a once powerful State, its vagaries and absurdities may perhaps repay an examination.

The Boston Anti-Slavery Society, as its name portends, is against human bondage; and filled with an unqualified spirit of liberty, it offers to men who not only hold contrary opinions, but slaves into the bargain, the right of lecturing before it, and weakening, or destroying, if they can, the objects for which it calls the public periodically together. Now, it is a truism that that which will not bear discussion must be a lie; whether in the canon or civil law, in the statutes of theology or politics. It is an argument suited to fools triply confirmed, for a man to say he will not discuss a point—the laws protect him—he has a right—and so forth. All progress, all civilization is based on the idea that vested "rights," which are mostly privileges, are amenable to change or abrogation. The supremacy of a royal family, or an oligarchy—the monopoly of a church or a guild—the right of man to steal, buy, hold, scourge and kill his fellow-being—are things subject to discussion, and hence to reform. Now, this right of discussion Mr. Wise denies, in a strain which would be insulting were not its spasmodic, opium-eating extravagance so peculiar as almost to destroy the idea of individual responsibility on his part. "*Who*," he exclaims, "*who* are *you*, to assume thus such a jurisdiction over a subject so delicate, and already fixed in its relations by a solemn compact between the States, and by States which are sovereign? I will not obey your summons nor recognise your jurisdiction. You have no authority and no jurisdiction to thus calling *me* to account at the bar of *your* [illegible]. Let me tell you," he continues, "that Tremont Temple could hold wealth enough to purchase one word of discussion from me *there*, whether *mine, here*, shall be mine or not; but I am ready to *volunteer*, without money and without price, to suppress any insurrection and repel any invasion which threatens or endangers the State rights of Virginia, or my individual rights under the laws and constitutions of my country, or the sacred Union which binds slave States and free together in *one bond of national confederacy, and in separate bonds of independent sovereignties.*" Not only will he not deliver a lecture on the Thursday evening proposed by the committee, but "there will be no Thursday evening between the middle of December and the middle of March next, or between that and *doomsday*, which will best accommodate me for that purpose." And finally, he concluded by saying again with extreme emphasis that the particular phase of the subject he will present is "TO FIGHT IF WE MUST."

Mr. Wise is not only the Governor-elect of Virginia, but, as we may fairly assume, the model great man of that commonwealth of first families and great men. With regard to most of these personages, it is no violent or startling truth to say that, out of their own little circle of party politics—in which they are adroit and skilled—it is impossible to imagine more pretentious ignoramuses. They remind us of the 'Squire Westerns—parish-like to the back bone—of even tempers, being always wrathy—accustomed to servile adoration from starved and ignorant dependents—the genuine fruit of a system which, in the language of Pinckney of Maryland, "is a nursery of petty despots." Mr. Wise may perhaps gain applause among the "eighty thousand" in Virginia who can neither read nor write; his ferocious absurdities may commend him to frontier brigands; they may endear him to Custom-house and Post-office dependents; but to the intellectual culture, the artistic skill, the mechanical labour of the great North and West of the Union, which not only bear up the civilization of Virginia, but prevent it being overwhelmed with Southern barbarism, Mr. Wise is only an object of pity. He proves himself not morally a healthy living man, but a galvanized relic of the dark ages—making hideous antics, which, if they had a little of the respect, would excite the horror of the civilized world.

But it must be added, in explanation of Mr. Wise's ultra ferocity on the slave question, that there is method in his madness. This roaring and gnashing of teeth are not intended for the civilized, but the uncivilized world—for the region where rule the seventy thousand oligarchs (there are not more who individually hold slaves in numbers sufficient to make weight). These menageries ms of Wise are growls toward the "Democratic" nomination for President. A local nomination to that end has already come from Kentucky, upon which *The New Orleans Delta* remarks that Mr. Wise "has never skinned his knees on the Presidential track," for which reason he is regarded as a most available candidate. It is, however, barely possible that Wise may be bellowing too loud. His tragedy is too vociferous. It is too physical, and too bad altogether. A little lamb-like behaviour would suit better a hero who has not yet suffered the stimulus of having his knees skinned.

Mr. Wise, however, is not of the old school of Virginians, and it is sad to think what changes have come over the manners and morals of that region. There was a time when Virginia produced great men of another stamp, but the breed of noble bloods is lost. In the Federal Convention which drew up the Constitution, Virginia counted members like Washington, Madison and Mason. So sincere was his love of freedom, that Washington, beside being a gentleman, was an avowed Abolitionist; Madison, another gentleman, considered it disgraceful for the Constitution to mention the word slave; and what that great man, Mason, also a polished gentleman, thought of slavery we cite as novel and commendable to negro-breeding Virginia at this moment. On the question of the slave-trade, he used language like the following:

"The present question concerns not the importing States alone, but the whole Union. The evil of having slaves was experienced during the late war. Had slaves been treated as they might have been by the enemy, they would have proved dangerous instruments in their hands. But their folly dealt by the slaves as it did by the Tories. *Slavery discourages arts and manufactures. The poor despise labour when performed by slaves. They prevent the immigration of whites, who really enrich and strengthen a country. They produce the most pernicious effects on manners. Every master of slaves is born a petty tyrant. They bring the judgment of heaven on a country. By an inevitable chain of causes and effects Providence punishes national sins by national calamities.* He lamented that some of our eastern brethren, from a lust of gain, have embarked in this nefarious traffic. As to the State being in the possession of the right to import, that was the case with many other rights now to be given up. *He held it essential, in every point of view, that the General Government should have power to prevent the increase of slavery.*"

Such was the language of a true great man—whose national reputation is not such as his genius deserves, for he was in no wise second to Jefferson in constructive power. Compare such nobility of sentiment and clearness of mental vision on the effect of slavery—on it as a thing which the nation has to deal with, because the nation will be punished by the irresistible moral law of the universe—compare this with the coarse-mouthed rant of a Wise. Compare, too, a Thomas Jefferson Randolph—who, in the Virginia Legislature in 1832, declared the domestic slave-trade to be "much worse" than the foreign, which the National government had declared to be piracy—with a Wise who bullies and foams about his property in men as good as himself—and think that such a person has been chosen as a Democratic Governor of Virginia, and that she will possibly nominate him for President of this Union—and then measure, if you can, the depth of her fall.

THE ALTERED BOOKS.

From The Independent.

THERE seems to be some confusion in certain quarters as to the responsibility of the Directors of the Tract Society for the alterations and omissions on the subject of slavery made in sundry books issued from the press of the Society. As the members of the Society are seriously considering their duties and responsibilities in the premises, it is due to them that an exact and complete statement of the facts with regard to said alterations and omissions should be given to the public. We will therefore state the case precisely as we understand it from competent and reliable sources; and if there is the least inaccuracy in matters of fact, we shall be happy to receive an official or authorized correction from the administration of the Society. The constituency desire to know these facts for their own guidance, and surely they are entitled to know them, unless the Tract *Society* is a fiction.

It is well known that in the Tract Society's edition of Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good," the word "slaves" is altered from the original to "servants," and passages condemning the slave trade are omitted. It is alleged, however, that these alterations were made by Rev. Dr. Burder in an English edition of the book which the Society's edition followed, and therefore that the Publishing Committee are not responsible for them. The facts in this case are as follows:

Dr. Burder did change Mather's phraseology, and did omit the passages referred to. But he stated in a note at the bottom of the page that he had omitted certain remarks of the author concerning slavery because they were inapplicable to England. Some American reprints of Burder's edition retain that note. But the Society's edition omits Burder's note, and does not in any way inform the reader that Mather's remarks on slavery have been suppressed. Burder dealt fairly with both author and reader.

With respect to the responsibility of the administration of the Tract Society, for these alterations as transferred to their edition, three questions, which admit of a categorical answer, must determine it:

Did they *know* that Dr. Burder had made alterations and omissions on the subject of slavery? If they did, then, by following Dr. Burder's edition instead of the original, they indorsed and adopted his changes, and are as truly responsible for them as if one of the Secretaries had made them.

Did the copy of Burder's edition before them contain his *note*, informing the reader that he had omitted the author's remarks on slavery?

If so, with what design was that *note* omitted while Burder was followed in his *alterations?* Was it because remarks on slavery were "happily inapplicable" to *this* country? This question concerning Burder's note will go far to settle the question of the responsibility of the administration of the Tract Society for the alterations in Mather's Essay. We do not think that their respon

above the beasts that perish. So terribly does slavery hurl its victims from their high estate among the morning stars, from their native home, not in Africa, but among the sons of God!

What outrage, what sacrilege can compare with this? Immortal man, doomed to live and die the life and death of a dog! Reverse the order, and it would not be so impious. Lift the dog to a level with man. Carry him through every form of human experience, and of the ordinances of the church. When he dies, sing over him a solemn requiem, and toll the funeral knell. Say that you hope he is now before the throne, crowned with immortal honours, decked with eternal glory. Do all this, and, shocking as it seems, it would be innocence itself, compared with the outrages inflicted on the best-used slave.

All these mockeries have not harmed the dog. It may be most daring, insulting impiety and blasphemy towards God to attempt to lift a brute to the level of immortal man—even to thrust him upwards to the heavenly abode itself, to companionship with angels and sanctified spirits. But how much more awful is the act when man is torn from his high estate, his fellowship with the Father, his kindred with all divine existences, and hurled down to a level with the brutes! man made in the image of God, and touched with his immortal fire; destined to an unending existence, and capable of development and expansion, until the meanest slave who toils to-day shall exceed all that Gabriel has yet attained; and will even then but have entered upon the ever-growing greatness and glory which are still before him! The puny attempt to exalt a brute beast to an immortal level cannot compare with the iniquity of sacrilegiously plunging God's own image and brightness down among the meanest of his works.

And yet this is to-day the condition of nearly four millions of men, women and children in the United States. Other myriads have fulfilled their dreary doom, and have disappeared from the earth; and who can tell how many millions more may yet be born, and die in the depths of the same degradation?

For all this, some one is responsible; and the account must be fearful, to whomsoever the crime is attributed. No other mortal sin can compare with it. Ages ago, nations were swept away with the besom of destruction, for crimes not half so tremendous.

In my next, I will endeavour to show where stand all the great religious *bodies* of America on this subject, as well as the most eminent divines, individually and personally. This may help us to an answer to our question. It is high time the truth should be known—truth which may be tried in the fire of the strictest enquiry.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

Glasgow, Sept., 1855.

RECKLESS MISREPRESENTATION.

A FRIEND has sent us a copy of the *Presbyterian Banner*, an Old School Presbyterian paper, published in Philadelphia, in which is an article on the subject of slavery. We cut the following sentence from that article:

"The out-and-out Abolitionist would sap the foundations of all government—would dissolve, or render nugatory, all relations which infer, in any aspect of the case, a right in one man to rule over another. The relations of ruler and people, husband and wife, parent and child, church and members, and even Creator and creatures, as well as that of master and servant, are nought with him."

A more reckless, unfounded and base misstatement we have never seen compressed in a smaller space. If, by "out-and-out Abolitionist," the editor means those who assert that the relation of owner and slave is a sin against God, and a crime against humanity, then every word and syllable of the above extract is totally and recklessly false. So far from such Abolitionists seeking to "sap the foundations of all government," and setting at "nought the relations of ruler and people, husband and wife, parent and child," &c., they are opposed to slavery because *it* does these very things. The relation of "Creator and creatures" is abrogated as far as it possibly can be by slavery. Slave law puts the master in the place of God to the slave; and Bishop Meade and others teach, in so many words, that masters are in God's stead to the slave. The domestic relations of the slaves are all destroyed. There is literally no legal marriage among them. If the master chooses to tear the wife from the bosom of the husband, and subject her person to the most brutal violation, the law affords her and her husband no shadow of redress or protection. If he tears the child from the arms of its mother, he does only what the law guarantees him the full right to do. And because a class of people say that these things are horribly wicked, and ought to be abolished, they are stigmatized by the *Presbyterian Banner* as anarchists of the worst class. Because they would secure to *all* men the protection of civil government, and the sacred enjoyment of all holy domestic relations, they are lyingly charged with seeking to destroy all these relations.

Next to the wrongs slavery inflicts upon its victims, it is to be abhorred for the moral obliquity it produces in those who hold religious fellowship with it. They can hardly open their lips in defence of their position without breaking the ninth commandment. More unmitigated falsehood than the above extract contains could hardly be expressed in the same number of words.—*Free Presbyterian.*

EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD AT ALBANY.

THE PRIVILEGED CLASS—THE NEW PARTY.

UNLOOKED-FOR events have lent to the privileged class advantages which have more than counterbalanced the adverse effects of this early national legislation. The invention of the cotton gin, which easily separates the seed from the fibre, has made cotton an almost exclusive agricultural staple in the States of the privileged class, and an eminent commercial staple of the whole country. The national territory has necessarily been enlarged from time to time to accommodate an overgrowing population and an ever-increasing commerce. Favoured by these circumstances, the privileged class have, at the same time, found in a home production of slaves in Maryland and Virginia and other States a compensation for the loss of the African slave trade; and they have not been slothful in unlearning all the fears and dismissing all the timidity and conciliation which marked their conduct during and immediately after the Revolutionary war. The admission of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama as slaveholding States into the Union seemed to be unavoidable, in so much as they were the overgrowth of some of the old thirteen States; and thus these new States south of the Ohio balancing the growing free States north of that river, a sort of balance was maintained between the privileged and the unprivileged classes, which it was thought not necessary to disturb. This was the first final partition of the unsettled territory of the United States between those classes.

In 1804, France ceded to the United States a broad belt stretching along the western bank of the Mississippi, from the British possessions on the North to the Spanish province of Texas on the South. This acquisition, which was equally necessary for the safety of the country and for the uses of commerce, stimulated the desire of the privileged class for an extension of their territory and an aggrandizement of their power. New Orleans, situated practically on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, was already at once an ancient slaveholding colony and an important commercial mart. It lay contiguous to the slaveholding States. Under these circumstances, it was, without any resistance, soon organized and admitted into the Union, with its ancient laws and customs tolerating slavery. St. Louis, though destined to acquire great commercial importance, was as yet an inconsiderable town, with few slaveholders and slaves. The Mississippi only divided it from the North-West Territory, which was already consecrated to Freedom. The best interests of the country required and humanity demanded that the Ordinance of 1787 should be extended across the Mississippi. The privileged class, however, took possession of the region around St. Louis, and made partial settlements lower down on the west bank of the Mississippi. St. Louis and its environs matured as a State in 1819, and demanded admission, with slavery, into the Union. Then, only thirty-two years after the passage of the Ordinance of 1787, and after its unanimous ratification by the American People, the privileged class made common cause with the new slaveholding State, and, assuming a tone at once bold, insolent and menacing, they denied the power of Congress, although in the Territories it was supreme and exclusive, and equally supreme and exclusive in the admission of new States, to legislate at all against their privileges in the Territories, or to refuse admission to a new State, on the ground of its refusal to surrender or abate those privileges; and they threatened, in one loud voice, to subvert the Union, if Missouri should be rejected. The privileged class were backed then by the Senate of the United States, as they have been backed on all similar occasions since that time. They were met, however, with firmness and decision by the unprivileged class in the House of Representatives, and so Missouri failed then to be admitted as a slave State. The privileged class resorted to a new form of strategy, the strategy of compromise. They offered to be satisfied if Missouri only should be admitted as a slave State, while Congress should prohibit slavery forever in all the residue of that part of the Louisiana purchase which lay north of the parallel of 36 deg. 30 min. of north latitude. The territory lying between that parallel and the province of Texas, and constituting what is now the State of Arkansas, being left by implication to slavery. This compromise was accepted, and thus diplomacy obtained for the privileged class immediate advantages, which had been denied to their clamour and passion. This compromise, however, could have only the authority of a repealable act of Congress, so far as the prohibition of slavery north of 36 deg. 30 min. was concerned. Wise and great men contrived extraordinary forms to bind the faith of the privileged class to that perpetual inhibition. They gave to the compromise the nature and form of a contract, with mutual equivalents between the privileged class and the unprivileged class, which it would be dishonourable and perfidious on the part of the privileged class, at any time, on any grounds, or under any circumstances, to annul or revoke, or even to draw in question. They proclaimed it to be a contract proper to be submitted to the people themselves for their ratification in the popular elections. It was so submitted to the people, and so ratified by them. By virtue of this compromise Missouri came immediately into the Union as a slave State, and Arkansas followed soon afterwards as a slave State, while, with the exception of Missouri, the Ordinance of 1787, by virtue of the same compromise, was extended across the Mississippi, along the parallel of 36 deg. 30 min. to the Rocky Mountains. Thus, and with such solemnities, was the strife of the privileged class of slaveholders for aggrandizement of territory, a second time, finally composed and forever settled.

It is not my purpose to discuss the policy or the justice of that great settlement. As in the case of the Constitution, the responsibility for that great measure rests with a generation that has passed away. We have to deal with it only as a fact, and with the state of affairs that was established by it.

The occupation of the new region west of the Mississippi, which had thus been saved for Freedom, was artfully postponed indefinitely, by dedicating it as a home for the concentrated but perishing Indian tribes. It sounds in favour of the humanity of the unprivileged class, if not of their prudence, that they neither remonstrated nor complained of that dedication.

The success of the privileged class, in securing to themselves immediate possession of Missouri and Arkansas in exchange for the reversionary interest of the unprivileged class in the remainder of the Louisiana purchase, stimulated them to move for new national purchases of domain, which might yield them further acquisitions. Spain was unable to retain longer the slaveholding provinces of East Florida and West Florida, which lay adjacent to the slave States. They fell to the United States by an easy purchase, and the privileged class with due diligence procured their organization as a State and its admission into the Union. The spell of territorial aggrandizement had fallen on the United States of America, and simultaneously the spell of dissolution had fallen on the United States of Mexico. The privileged class on our side of the border entered Texas, established slavery there in violation of Mexican laws, detached that territory from Mexico, and organized it as an independent sovereign State. Texas, thus independent and sovereign, sought annexation to the United States. In the very hour when the virtue of a sufficient number of the unprivileged classes was giving way to effect a constitutional annexation of Texas, the President of the United States, with a Senate not less subservient to the privileged class, executed a *coup d' etat* by which that State unlawfully, and in defiance of all precedent, came into the Union under a covenant stipulating that four new slave States might be created out of its territory, and admitted as slave States, while, by a solemn mockery, an inconsiderable fragment that lay north of 36 deg. 30 min. was ostentatiously dedicated to freedom. There remained no other new territory within the United States, and so by this strange partition of Texas there was a third final settlement of the pretensions of the privileged class; and it was acquiesced in by the unprivileged class who thought themselves secure in the old North-West Territory by the Ordinance of 1807, and equally safe in Kansas and Nebraska by the Missouri Compromise.

The public repose that followed the annexation of Texas was of short duration. Mexico resented that offence. A war ensued and terminated in the transfer of the entire northern portions of Mexico to the United States. The Mexican municipal laws forbade slavery everywhere, and the new possessions were under that law. Not a whit the less for that reason did the privileged class demand either an equal partition, or that the whole should be opened to their colonization with slaves. The House of Representatives resisted these pretensions, as it had resisted similar ones before; but the Senate seconded the privileged class with its accustomed zeal. So Congress was divided and failed to organize civil governments for the newly acquired Mexican Territories, and they were left under martial law. The question raised by the privileged class went down to the electors. The people promptly filled the House of Representatives with a majority sternly opposed to the extension of slavery, the breadth of a single square mile. They increased the force of the unprivileged class in the Senate, while they called to the Presidency General Taylor, who, although himself a slaveholder, was committed to non-intervention on the question in Congress, and to execute faithfully whatever constitutional laws Congress should adopt. Under these circumstances, California and New Mexico, youthful communities, practically free from slavery and uncorrupted by the seductions of the privileged class or of its political organs, hastened to establish constitutions and apply for admission as free States, while the eccentric population of Deseret, indulging latitudinarian principles equally in matters of religion and of politics, prayed to be received into the Union as a State or as a Territory, and with or without slavery as Congress should prescribe. The privileged class remonstrated, and a seditious movement was organized in their behalf in the slaveholding States to overawe Congress, if possible, and to inaugurate revolution if their menaces failed. You all know well the way of that memorable controversy; how eminent men yielded to the menaces without waiting for the revolution, and projected and tendered to the privileged class a new compromise, modelled after the already time-honoured Compromise of 1820. You all know how firmly, notwithstanding this defection of leaders honoured and beloved, the House of Representatives and even the Senate repelled the Compromise, and how firmly the unprivileged class of freemen throughout the Union demanded the unqualified and unconditional admission of California into the Union, and refused to allot any further Territories to the privileged class for the extension of the system of human bondage. You all remember, too, how, in a critical hour, the President sickened and died, and how the hearts of Congress and of all the People sorrowed at his grave, and thenceforward all was lost. You remember how the provisional successor of that lamented President, with ominous haste, accepted the resignation of his Cabinet and committed the seals to a new one pledged like himself to the adoption of the Compromise which the People had condemned, and how, at last, after a painful struggle, its adoption was effected. I think, also, that you have not thus soon forgotten the terms of that Compromise, the fourth, final and everlasting settlement of the conflict between the privileged and the unprivileged classes of this Republic. You have not forgotten how the Ordinance of 1787, which excluded slavery from the region north-west of the Ohio, was left to stand as an institution too sacred to be even questioned; how the Missouri Compromise, which extended that Ordinance across the Mississippi, and over all Kansas and Nebraska, was made at once the authority, precedent and formula of the new compromise, and even declared to be an irrepealable law forever; how California, which refused to become a slave State, was grudgingly admitted into the Union as a free one; how the hateful and detestable slave auctions were banished from under the eaves of the Capitol, quite across to the opposite bank of the Potomac river; and how, in consideration of these magnanimous and vast concessions made by the privileged class, it was stipulated that slavery should be continued in the District of Columbia as long as the privileged class should require its continuance. New Mexico, with her free constitution, was superciliously remanded to her native mountains, while, without a hearing, her ancient and free territory was dismembered, and its fairest part transferred to Texas, with the addition of ten millions of dollars, to win its acceptance by that defiant privileged State. You remember how it was solemnly stipulated that Utah and New Mexico, if the slaveholders could corrupt them, should come into the Union, in due time, as slaveholding States; and, finally, how the privileged class, so highly offended and exasperated, were brought to accept this compromise on their part, by a reenactment of the then obsolete Fugitive Slave law of 1793, with the addition of the revolting features of an attempted suspension of the habeas corpus; an absolute prohibition of the trial by jury; an effective repeal of vital rules of procedure and evidence; and the substitution of commissioners in place of courts of justice, in derogation of the Constitution. You all remember how laboriously and ostentatiously this compromise was associated with the time-honoured forms and solemnities of the Missouri Compromise; how it was declared not the result of mere ordinary legislation, but a contract, with mutual equivalents, by the privileged with the unprivileged classes, irrepealable and even unamendable without perfidy, and even treason against the Constitution and the Union. You all remember how, notwithstanding your protests and mine, it was urgently, violently, clamorously ratified and confirmed, as a full, fair and final and perpetual adjustment by the two great political conventions of the country, representing the whole people of the United States, at Baltimore, in 1852; and how the heroic and generous Scott was rejected to bring into the Presidency one who might more safely be trusted to defend and preserve and establish it forever.

Nevertheless, scarcely one year had elapsed before the privileged class, using some of our own representatives as their instruments, broke up not only this compromise of 1850, but even the compromise of 1820, and the Ordinance of 1787, and obtained virtually the declaration of Congress that all these settlements, so far as they were adverse to the privileged class, were unconstitutional usurpations of legislative power.

I do not stop to stigmatize or even to characterize these aggressions. Of what use would it be to charge perfidy when the losses we deplore have resulted from our own imbecility and cowardice. I do not dwell as others so often and so justly do upon the atrocious usurpation of the government of Kansas by the slaveholders of Missouri, nor even on the barbarous and tyrannical code which they have established to stifle freedom in that Territory, nor even yet on the fraudulent and nefarious connivance of the President with the usurpers. Nor will I draw into this picture, already too darkly shaded, the personal humiliations which daily come home to yourselves in the conduct of your own affairs. You are commanded by an unconditional law of Congress to seize and deliver up to the members of that privileged class their fugitive slaves, under pain of imprisonment, and forfeiture of your estates. You may not interpose between the armed slaveholder and the wounded slave, to prevent his being murdered, without coming under arrest for treason, nor may you cover his naked and lacerated limbs except by stealth. You have fought twenty years and with but partial success for the constitutional right to lay your remonstrances on the table of Congress. You may not tell the freed slave who reaches your borders that he is free, without being seized by a Federal Court and condemned, without a trial or even an accusation, to an imprisonment without bail or mainprize, and without limitation of sentence. Your representatives in either House of Congress must speak with bated breath and humbled countenance in presence of the representatives of the privileged class, lest justice be denied to your old soldiers when they claim their pensions, or to your labourers when they claim the performance of their contracts with the Government. The President of the United States is reduced to the position of a deputy of the privileged class, emptying the treasury and marshalling battalions and ships of war to dragoon you into the execution of the Fugitive Slave law on the one hand, while he removes Governors and Judges at their command who attempt to maintain lawful and constitutional resistance against them in the Territory of Kansas. The Vice-President of the United States and the Speaker of the House of Representatives are safe men, whom the privileged class can trust in every case. The care of the Judiciary, of the Territories, and even of the Foreign Relations, is intrusted in either House to assured supporters of that class. Protection is denied to your wool while it is freely given to the slaveholders' sugar. Millions of acres of the public domain are freely given to Alabama for railroads and even as gratuities, while not a dollar can be obtained to remove the rocks of Hellgate and the sands of the Overslaugh, or the bars in Lake St. Clair or in the mouths of your Lake Harbours. Canada, lying all along your Northern borders, must not even be looked upon lest you may lust after it, while millions upon millions are lavished in war and diplomacy to annex and spread slavery over Louisiana, Florida, Texas, Mexico, Cuba and Central America. Your liberty of speech, where is it? You may not, without severe rebuke, speak of despotism in foreign lands, lest the slave overhear you on the plantations of the privileged class, or the foreign despot visit them, in retaliation, for your unavailing sympathy. The National flag, the emblem of universal liberty, covers cargoes of slaves not only in your own view, but flaunts defiance over them in foreign ports. Judges of the United States Courts, safe under the protection of the President and the Senate, charge grand juries, in advance of any question, that obnoxious and unequal Federal laws are constitutional and obligatory, they give counsel to legislative bodies how to frame laws which they will sustain, instead of waiting to review those laws when enacted. They even convert the writ of freedom to an engine of slavery, and they pervert the power of punishing irregularities committed in their presence into the machinery of a tyranny as odious as that of the Star-chamber. The privileged class in Virginia imprison your seamen in their ports in retaliation for the independence of your executive authorities; and you are already in a doubtful struggle for the right to exclude the traffic of slaves from your own borders.

I will only ask, in concluding this humiliating rehearsal, whether there is not in this privileged country a privileged class; whether it does not stand on an enduring foundation; whether it is not growing stronger and stronger, while the unprivileged class grows weaker and weaker; whether its further growth and extent would not be not merely detrimental, but dangerous; and whether there is any hope to arrest that growth and extension hereafter, if the attempt shall not be made now?

The change that has become at last so necessary is as easy to be made as it is necessary. The whole number of slaveholders is only 350,000, one-hundredth part of the entire population of the country. If you add their parents, children, immediate relatives and dependents, they are two millions—one-fifteenth part of the American people. Slavery is not and never can be perpetual. It will be overthrown either peacefully and lawfully under this Constitution, or it will work the subversion of the Constitution, together with its own overthrow. Then the slaveholders would perish in the struggle. The change can now be made without violence, and by the agency of the ballot-box. The temper of the nation is just, liberal, forbearing. It will contribute any money and endure any sacrifices to effect this great and important change—indeed, it is half made already. The House of Representatives is already yours, as it always must be when you choose to have it. The Senate of the U. States is equally within your power if you only will persistently endeavour, for two years, to have it. Notwithstanding all the wrong that has been done, not another slave State can now come into the Union. Make only one year's constant, decisive effort, and you can determine what States shall be admitted.

The will exists because the evil has become intolerable, and the necessity of a remedy is universally acknowledged. What then is wanted? Organization! Organization! Nothing but Organization.

ELECTION OF EX-GOVERNOR REEDER AS DELEGATE TO CONGRESS.

HIS SPEECH AT LAWRENCE.

THE telegraph brings returns, as far as heard from, of large votes for ex-Governor Reeder, as a delegate to Congress from Kansas Territory, at the election on the 9th instant. Whitfield, it will be remembered, was elected by the Missourians on the 2d instant, the day appointed by the Legislature, when none voted but the pro-slavery party. Congress, of course, will have to decide which delegate is entitled to the seat. At a meeting held at Lawrence, Mr. Reeder made a speech, which we copy below:

Gov. Reeder now took the stand in obedience to the impatient calls of the audience. As he ascended the platform the building fairly shook under the applause which greeted him. As soon as the enthusiasm permitted him to speak, he commenced by saying, that from the very bottom of his heart he thanked the people for the demonstrations of confidence they had shown him, and which bound him to them by hoops of steel. Among all the pleasant recollections of his political life, there were none that gave him such unmixed satisfaction and pleasure as those of the last twelve months. He had simply done his duty, and the people, in their warm approbation, were proffering him a reward. He appreciated this confidence on the part of a people so worthy and well fitted to sow the seeds of Freedom broadcast from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains.

As to the office to which he had been nominated, he felt many misgivings of his own fitness for it; but he could not refuse the call so unanimously made; their kindness had so excited his gratitude that he never could refuse their call. But the more he reflected upon the enterprise they had undertaken, the more was he impressed with its grandeur. They were to move the sentiment of a nation; to secure the approbation of 25,000,000 of people. Thirteen to fifteen States *might* be found arrayed against their Spartan band. They were organizing—a mere handful—to meet the power of a strong State on their borders; and such were the difficulties of the enterprise, that but for its magnificence and grandeur he should well-nigh despair. But the success of the cause depends not so much upon the numbers of its advocates as upon their firmness and persistency; and he felt assured that, if temporarily defeated, still the time *would* come when success must crown their efforts; if baffled, they would return to the charge again and again till a future destiny was secured them, when they could sit down under their own vine and fig tree in the peaceful enjoyment of their rights. The entire sublimity of this enterprise would only be fully realized when viewed from the stand-point of future ages; or the amount of effort fully appreciated requisite to its success. All grand events loom up in the distance; they are never seen in their proper light at the time they transpire. Did any one suppose that that Declaration of Independence, to which all men now look up with awe—to which every knee bows with respect—did any one, at the moment when lives, fortunes and sacred honour were pledged to its support, fully appreciate its sublimity, or the extent of its future influence? The Constitution of the United States, regarded each year with increasing reverence and admiration, did not at the time of its formation present to the eye all the symmetry and perfection we now see in it. Thus, with all really great events, this project of ours does not show, at its inception, in all its proper glory; but after our fabric is complete, and strengthened, and adorned with capital, and architrave and cornice, then shall we look back with pride to the laying of the humblest stone in its foundation. There is nothing in our platform not consonant with right or reason—with divine or political truth; and on such a platform should no man turn his back.

We came here to found a new Republic; we are met by Missouri and striven to be crushed by violence and tyranny and fraud. With loud professions on her lips of loyalty to the Constitution, she seeks to tear from us the dearest rights guaranteed by that instrument. Nor is it enough that she seeks to subjugate the free emigrants from the North—following close on the heels of those who left her own soil to make their homes on ours, she actually strives to make slaves of her own free citizens. Not content with snatching the ballot from the hand of citizens born in the Republic founded by Penn, and the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, this unnatural mother seeks out and strives to enslave the very children of her own bosom. God forbid that we shall ever see a repetition of an act so foul; that the historian shall ever be called upon to record *two* such pages as this (applause).

Against these outrages every remedy has been exhausted but one; and who, satisfied that our efforts peaceably to obtain justice are all in vain, will be so base as turn his back upon the cause, or hesitate to shed for it his heart's blood? This is our position, and from it we can never retire. In such a cause we can appeal to the Throne of Grace with pure hearts and clean hands. Many of us have come here to escape the curse fastened on sister States, and strive to establish a Free Republic, are mocked with the manacles of the slave. We come here to govern ourselves—to rear up a pure State, where shall be guaranteed to us all the rights of free speech, free opinion and free suffrage. We say to Missouri, our platform is right, just and equitable; we ask for nothing but our rights, and desire to do you no pecuniary wrong. We know the Federal compact, and respect the compromises of the Constitution. We say to our Southern brethren, we have no desire to interfere with you at home, and open our polls to you freely here; your property shall be unmolested till the question is settled. We are proud of this, our position; it is so full of equity and fairness; we are proud to contrast the position of the Free State men with that of our enemies. We have returned good for evil, concession for proscription. Contrast our platform with the proceedings of the pro-slavery Legislature which assumed to make laws for Kansas; that body which may represent the pro-slavery party of Missouri, but which *does not* represent the pro-slavery men of this Territory (applause). Our opposition does not proceed from this Territory, but from Missouri. That Legislature was of Missouri; its members were many of them sent, from Missouri; and when the members were not sent, the constituents were sent (applause); and, finally, the laws themselves were sent (great applause). Those laws proclaimed another Reign of Terror; they set themselves up above the Declaration of Independence and the natural rights of man. That Legislature was superior to all law; our revered Constitution was scorned; it was *too small* a thing for the Kansas-Missouri Legislature to regard, and they repealed it by wholesale (laughter and applause). They deny us all right of suffrage and free speech. I am hardly able to conceive such moral depravity—such a fund of ignorance as that body possessed. A man must himself be a very worm to believe that we can thus be ground to the dust while we have a hand to lift, or a life to lose, in resistance. They paid no attention to the provisions of the Organic Act: *that* provided for the preemption by each citizen of 160 acres—*they* say he may have 320; it allowed them three clerks—they employ as many as they choose. They have repealed the preemption law and the Nebraska-Kansas bill; they have repealed the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States (laughter), and it now only remains for *us* to repeal *them* (great laughter and applause).

This question of ours is a grave one—a question which has made dignitaries shake in their shoes (applause)—and they shall continue to shake till they fall (great applause). We will go to the Union and demand our rights; here, over these plains, another "Lone Star" shall rise and demand its place in the galaxy that adorns our national flag. The question is whether we shall be admitted as a part of the Union which refuses to protect us? What will be the fate of that question it is impossible definitely to say. It is hard to fathom the motives of men, and it is especially hard to fathom the motives of politicians (applause). We shall be met with the cry of "Disunion"—the fashionable cry of the South whenever the North demands its rights. I am a conservative man, opposed to extremes. I respect the rights of both North and South, East and West. I have always stood on the conservative ground of the Constitution, and that I believe to be our only safety. The South has a right to all she can find stipulated in the bond, but with this she is not satisfied. She desires more, and the cries of "Aggression of the North" and "Disunion" are made to cover her attempts. With her, these words are spoken to scare us; they are substitutes for deeds; a cheap way of getting along, and one more largely practised in this Western country than in any other I have ever known (applause). But this cry deserves not the least notice. It is fit to frighten only women and children. Southern demagogues will cry "Disunion" in vain; the Union is strong enough to resist fillibustering for Cuba or Kansas. If *not* strong enough for self-government—to protect us in the enjoyment of true republicanism—in the right of suffrage and the right of speech—then let it go (applause). But it *is* strong enough; it will resist this slight shock. Whatever Congress may do, the Union will be preserved. Members may threaten, but the good sense of the country will prevail. They may call us revolutionary; so long as we have a Territorial Government, the Union should protect us, and we will cooperate with it. If it does not, we are justified in demanding a government for ourselves.

It is proposed to organize a State; to form a Constitution of our own. What the character of that Constitution shall be is for you to decide. It is for yourselves to say whether a government shall be formed, contingent upon the assent of Congress to our admission, or whether it shall instantly attempt to supersede that imposed upon us by the General Government. This question we need not here discuss.

It is true, indeed, that now our numbers are small; we have no guidance save our own convictions of duty; no pillars of cloud by day and of fire by night to lead us on. In the future hang some doubts, but it is not for us now to hesitate. Let us press boldly on; the time must come—will come—when our efforts will be crowned by success. I feel upon myself almost the spirit of prediction, when I say that the time *shall* come when the shouts of liberty shall ring from height to height, and from every prairie between the Missouri and the Pacific shall rise songs of thanksgiving that Kansas is free (tremendous applause).

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1855.

THE ABOLITIONISTS AND THE POLITICIANS.

IT is pretty generally conceded now that Abolitionism is "a Power on Earth," whether the United States be such or not. At any rate, if the enemy may be believed—the Slaveholders and the pro-slavery organs at the North—it is recognised as a ruling element. How is it that it has acquired this influence in the affairs of the nation? It began in a garret, which the Hon. Mr. Otis, then Mayor of Boston, found it hard to hunt out, with all his police to help him; and now it has its servants in the Senate and House, and Washington, and its active agents in all the Free States. It makes or modifies the laws of the Northern States, and has affected, through its advocacy or its antagonism, the whole history of the country for the last twenty years, and especially for the last ten. It is the agency to which is to be traced almost all that is good or bad in the public doings of the nation. It must have some virtue in it, or all this virtue could not have gone out of it. It was not by virtue of the wealth or the political *prestige* of the men that have carried it on. Wall Street and State Street and Market Street have all been found on the side of the Slaveholders. The eminent lawyers and the prescriptive statesmen, the great men by divine right, as well as the rich merchants and manufacturers, have all gravitated to the same centre. And yet it has had power to put its foot upon all their necks. Mr. Webster it killed dead, and Mr. Everett and Mr. Winthrop it has laid up in lavender on the shelf—specimens of dried and pressed politicians. Its hand has been seen everywhere, and it has written its annals on almost every page of the National and State statute-books. It annexed Texas, to be sure, and waged the Mexican War, and repealed the Missouri Compromise, and will make Kansas a Slave State. But, then, it made these things necessary by the fear which its influence excited in the minds of the governing oligarchy. Abolitionism did not create the tyranny from which these outrages issued; it only developed it. It did not make the demon; it did but tear off his mask and let his worshippers see him as he is—an essential step towards his exorcism, the effects of which we see everywhere around around us.

The secret of the power of the Abolitionists, like that of the Slaveholders, lies in their knowing precisely what they want and going straight after it, without turning to the right hand or the left. They took counsel early of the adversary, and taught themselves wisdom by his example. They have attacked Slavery on every side where they found a vulnerable spot, and, unlike the heroes and monsters of the heroic and chivalric ages, it is vulnerable everywhere, as has been proved by its cries and lashings of itself to fury ever since the first missile was thrown at it. They have confined themselves to the demonstration of its innate characteristics and its external manifestations of them. They have demanded for the Slave his restoration to his natural rights. They have poured a stream of light upon every recess of the economy of Slavery, so that it is seen and known of all men as was never done before. As a necessary, though a subordinate, part of their measures, they have unfolded the mystery of the National Institutions and have shown how every free man that sustains them helps to keep every slave in his chains. They have proved to the unwilling reason of the slow and reluctant North that the control of their own destinies, as well as of those of the slaves, is put into the irresponsible hands of the slave-masters, and that, too, by their own act and that of their fathers. They demonstrate that there is no deliverance from Slaveholding domination as long as the institutions of the country are so contrived as to put the whole power into its hands, and as long as all politicians, even the best of them, accept and adore this arrangement as the Model of all civil governments. They show that nothing short of Revolution, proceeding either from the North or the South, is a sufficient remedy for these abuses and abominations, and they cease not to demand a reformation of the Constitution of the country, such as shall deliver at once the Free States from the guilt of giving to Slavery the weight of their moral and political power, and deprive the Slave States of the support and protection which alone enable them to continue such.

They are unable to hold office under the Constitution of the country, to be sure, for the very sufficient reason that they cannot honestly take upon themselves the obligations which the Constitution requires of them as an essential qualification. They deem it a hardship that they are shut out from any franchises any of the inhabitants of the country enjoy; but it is one that they must elect in preference to the alternative of consent to the sending back of fugitive slaves, the possible (and probable) revival of the Slave trade, the investiture of the Slave-masters with extraordinary political prerogatives in virtue of their man-ownership, and the obligation to suppress a servile revolution by the sword of the nation. They have no idiosyncratic antipathy to loaves and fishes. They are as well inclined to govern their fellow-citizens as any politician extant. The difficulty lies at the threshold of the National temple. They cannot do the preliminary homage to the Power that has usurped it wholly by acknowledging the binding force of the wicked compact by which it first established its claim to shelter under that roof. They know only one duty higher than that they owe the Slave; and that is the one they owe to their own consciences. They cannot purchase the Slave's deliverance at the price of their own honour. Nor do we believe that much service can be done to him by men who must acknowledge the obligation of the compact that sets the weight of the whole nation on his heart before they can be permitted to give him the help from which they hope so much. We think that we can do more by standing outside and calling upon all men to come out from that prison of Slavery which calls itself the temple of Liberty, and to destroy it and to build one fairer to look upon and more wholesome to inhabit. At any rate, it is all that they can do, and they have had no reason to question the wisdom and sound policy of their course any more than of its rectitude and consistency.

As the tide of events sweeps on, it brings along with it party after party, making unto themselves rafts out of things old and new, on which they hope to float into the rich harbour of power and place and do some service to the Slaves by the way. And every one of such cries aloud to the Abolitionist, "Lo, here is the Ark of Deliverance! Here is what you have been longing to behold and labouring to create! Join us; and when you have helped us into power, you will see what great things we will do for the Slaves!" The old Liberty Party, the Whigs at one time, the Free Soilers more recently, and now the Republican party, come to us and ask our help in the Slave's name. We have always thought it necessary to look a little farther than the outward appearance in these cases, and the necessity has not ceased yet. The Republican party is unquestionably the most respectable in point of character, and the most single in point of purpose, of any of the parties that have taken an anti-slavery name, and we hope more from it than from any that have gone before it. And why do we thus hope? Because it has narrowed its phalanx to the very smallest point of all, and may, therefore, make a stronger impression on the enemy than those assaults which displayed a broader line. It merely proposes to prevent the intrusion of Slavery into Territories now Free. It makes no profession of a wish to intrude upon the domain of Slavery itself. On the contrary, its chief leaders are loud in their protestations of loyalty to the Union, which all men now understand to mean the Constitutional Rights of the Slaveholders. Is this tottering platform one for which to desert the broad and firm-set ground on which our operations have always rested? We do not believe that the Republican party can do what it has undertaken, slight as their purpose is compared to the work that is to be done. Our hope from it lies in the Agitation which even its ineffectual struggles will excite—for from Agitation alone can the extinction of a prescriptive iniquity proceed. And from the failure of this honest attempt to do a small and insufficient work, we have faith to believe that many of those that name its name will come to see what is the only way of deliverance.

If it be asked how is this Revolution of which we have spoken to be brought about, except by ballots or by bayonets, we can only say that we cannot tell the exact how. That is hidden from our eyes. Men must walk by faith first, and sight is added to them when they have deserved it. And all Revolutions, whether crowned with victory in Legislatures or on fields of battle, have all of them been led along silently and obscurely, by men whose very names have mostly perished, up to the strength that was sufficient for that day. When the American people are resolved to rid themselves of the guilt and mischief of Slavery, they will find the means of putting their resolution into effect fast enough. And until they are so minded, all the manœuvrings of parties are mere displays of holiday soldiership. The business of the Abolitionists has been, from the beginning, to bring the public mind up to this generous determination, so vital to themselves as well as to the Slaves. How Slavery is to be abolished without voting, we cannot tell. But we see very clearly that it can never be abolished by voting for men whom we require, as the condition of their political existence, to maintain it in the condition which has enabled it to grow up to its present absolute power. The time may come, and will (unless the blackness of despotism puts out the last spark of the spirit of liberty), when we may and must vote. It is not the writing of a name of a candidate on a ballot, and putting it into a box, to which we object. It is the acts of commission and of omission we appoint him to do under the Constitution of Government by virtue of which we give the suffrage, that makes us pause. When the question is on the Repudiation of the Constitution of the United States, because of its Compromises and the evils that have flowed from them, and that is the point to be settled at the polls, the Abolitionists will not be found among the missing. If the question arises in any single State or any congeries of States whether the present Union shall endure or shall be made to give way to a better, and the yeas and nays are to be pronounced in any shape through the ballot-box, we think the Abolitionists may be depended upon. Until the old things are ready to become new, we must be pardoned for declining to help maintain them, under whatever pretexts of amending them.

THE Speech of Mr. Seward at Albany on the 12th inst., by which he announced his adhesion to the Republicans, is a most forcible statement of the position of the new party, inasmuch as it shows very clearly the necessity of such a movement, and makes it very evident that the object aimed at cannot be gained, or even attempted, by any great political organization that has of late existed, or that still exists; but that a new crystallization of political elements can alone promise success. How it is that that necessity has been created, and by what successive, undeviating and ever-successful steps the "privileged class" has attained its present height of power and arrogance, the reader will see by the long and able extract from the speech which we make in a preceding column. To meet this crisis in our national affairs, and to arrest at this point the growth of so unscrupulous and dangerous an innovation upon the rights of freemen, Mr. Seward upholds the organization of a new party. The principles of that party are already familiar to the public. As far as they go we have no fault to find with them, though we, of course, have no expectation that they will "save the country" with the limited application which the party now only ventures to make of them. "Its principles," says Mr. Seward, "are equal and exact justice; its speech open, decided and frank. Its banner is untorn in former battles, and unsullied by past errors. That is the party for us." And he goes on to say, but we hope not in a prophetic spirit, "I do not know that it will always, or even long, preserve its courage, its moderation, and its consistency. If it shall do so, it will rescue and save the country. If it, too, shall become unfaithful, *as all preceding parties have done*, it will, without sorrow or regret on my part, perish as they are perishing, and will give place to another, truer and better one." The truer and better party, in such a contingency, will doubtless appear. It is useless to wish that the time was already ripe for the truest and best. Perhaps we may have to go through many parties ere that time shall come when "equal and exact justice" shall mean far more than the political rights of white men. Such justice, Mr. Seward thinks, is consistent with the Constitution, the Union, and the Rights of Man—in which class he would, we suppose, in his quiet moments and when not making a speech, include all black men, both bond and free. For the Republican party, to command his support, must be faithful to this trinity of Constitution, Union, and Human Rights. "So long," he says, "as the Republican Party shall be firm and faithful to the Constitution, the Union and the Rights of Man, I sh

THE BOSTON MOB OF 1835.

THE Twentieth Anniversary of the Boston Pro-Slavery Mob of Oct. 21, 1835—the mob of "gentlemen of property and standing," which broke up a meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society and dragged Garrison through State street with a rope around his body—was commemorated in that city on Sunday last, by a public meeting in the edifice now occupying the place of that in which the anti-slavery women were convened at the time when the mob took place. The Hall being quite small, notice of the celebration was not very widely disseminated. Some three or four hundred people—all that the room would hold—were present, and the proceedings were very interesting. Francis Jackson, whose dwelling-house was the refuge of the persecuted anti-slavery women at the time of the mob, was called upon to preside; while speeches suited to the occasion were made by W. L. Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker and T. W. Higginson. The Rev. James Freeman Clark offered an earnest and impressive prayer. Only a small number of those who were eye-witnesses of the scenes of 1833 were present. Among this number was Mrs. THANKFUL SOUTHWICK, then of Boston, now of Danvers, who, as one of the Vice-Presidents of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, was an active participator in the meeting which the mob so valiantly dispersed. She occupied a seat on the platform at the right of the Chairman, and her presence was a joy to many who knew her well in the early struggles of the cause and had not met her for many years. As the proceedings of the meeting will be given in full in our next issue, we shall give no further particulars at this time.

SOUTHERN LECTURERS IN BOSTON.—Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, of Alabama (formerly a Methodist minister and lately a member of Congress), and Hon. Robert Toombs, of Georgia, unlike the renowned representative of the decayed chivalry of Virginia, Henry A. Wise, have accepted the invitation to take part in the Boston Lectures on Slavery. Mr. Toombs is the man who anticipates the time when he will be permitted to call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill. He will probably try to convince the Yankees that they ought at once to afford him the opportunity of realizing the design so dear to his chivalrous heart. We shall see how he succeeds. Here is his Letter to the Committee:

WASHINGTON, Geo., Oct. 8, 1855.

DEAR SIR: I have received the invitation of yourself and other gentlemen of Boston to deliver a Lecture, on the 24th of January, 1856, in the Tremont Temple, on the subject of Slavery. I accept the invitation, and will address you on that day upon the consistency of African slavery with the Constitution of the United States and Republican institutions, and the effect of the American Revolution upon the African race.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. TOOMBS.

Hon. Pierre Soulé, late Minister to Spain, was also among those invited by the Committee. He said in reply:

"A Boston audience is, of all others, that which I would be most proud to address on any subject, *and especially on that of slavery.* But having returned to my profession with the firm resolve to devote myself to its labours exclusively, I would not think of leaving here in the very heart of the business season, and of thus diverting myself from pursuits which cannot but claim my whole time, and command my undivided attention."

AN AMERICAN DECLINING RUSSIAN HONOURS.—The following anecdote appears in the London *Times*, of Oct. 2:

"Some time back, when Russian prospects appeared far brighter than they now are, a proposition was made to an American gentleman, recently in Paris, to enter the Russian service with a high title and position near the person of the Emperor. The reply was, that 'too high an estimate was placed upon his talents, but that such as they were, they were due *exclusively* to his own country and to Republican principles.'"

The *New York Times* learns from its European correspondence that the American who made this reply is George Sumner, a brother of Hon. Charles Sumner of the United States Senate. If he means to serve his country, with its present Government and institutions—or rather institution, for we have but one—he might, so far as Republicanism is concerned, lay his services at the feet of the Czar.

CHARLES SUMNER has "taken the stump," as the politicians say, in behalf of the Republican ticket in Massachusetts. He is to speak at nine central points before the election. N. P. Banks, Jr., one of the candidates for Speaker of the U. S. House of Representative, is also engaged in advocating the Republican cause.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 596, contains the concluding chapters of "A Wife's Story," a review of Lord Brougham's Works, from *The Examiner*, and an unusuallly full assortment of articles, from various sources, on the present aspects of European Affairs. New York: Littell, Son & Co., 343 Broadway.

LETTER FROM AARON M. POWELL.

STEAMER ARROW, LAKE ERIE.

To the Editors of The Standard.

I LEFT home the 22d of August last to engage in the labours of the Autumnal anti-slavery campaign in the West. At Albany, I met our friend Stephen S. Foster, and from thence, in company with Mr. F., journeyed to Alliance, Ohio, to attend the Anniversary Meeting of the Western Anti-Slavery Society. We had a very pleasant trip—passing over the New York Central, Lake Shore, and Cleveland and Pittsburg railroads. The scenery along this route is, much of the way, very beautiful. The frequent and copious rains of the past Summer have contributed to give the country a greatly improved appearance from that of last year. At Cleveland, we were joined by Jacob Walton, Jr., Secretary of the Michigan Anti-Slavery Society, who accompanied us to Alliance, where we found Marius R. Robinson, Charles S. S. Griffing, Dr. A. Brooke, and other well known Abolitionists of the Western Society.

Of the Anniversary you have already had an account through *The Bugle*. The meetings were numerously attended—those on Sunday were especially so. It was estimated that on that day full five thousand persons were gathered in and about the large Tent which was put up close by a large and beautiful grove.

It was the first time that I had ever attended a Western anti-slavery meeting, and, to me, the scene was particularly interesting. S. S. Foster gave forth "burning words of truth" with a power and eloquence which he alone can command. The people listened with most marked attention, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of "Republicanism" (so called), which prevails extensively in Ohio, and is well known not to be specially friendly to the real anti-slavery movement as represented by the American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxiliaries. Mary Grew, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, James Barnaby, M. R. Robinson, H. C. Wright, your correspondent, and others, participated in the discussion and advocacy of our principles and measures. Defenders of the "Fusion" or Republican movement were present and had a hearing. The Methodist Episcopal Church and *Know-Nothings* were likewise represented at the meeting by a Methodist minister, whose name I cannot now recall. We were told by him that the charge of slaveholding was false and unjust applied to the M. E. Church, and he exhibited his natural and undoubted adaptation to membership in the Order of *Know-Nothings*, by declaring that he *knew nothing* of the fact that there are slaves and slaveholders in said M. E. Church. The arrangements for the meetings were excellent, and the hospitality of the friends in the vicinity was liberal and abundant.

Immediately after the Anniversary, I spent a short time in Michigan, and then rejoined Messrs. Foster and Philleo in the campaign in Ohio. We have held meetings in Portage, Trumbull, Ashtabula and Geauga Counties in Ohio, and in Crawford and Mercer Counties in Pennsylvania. We have had some very good meetings in the different localities which we have visited, but it is painfully apparent that here, as at the East, the political element, where it can, is eating out the heart and soul of our movement. As an Abolitionist, I have no objection to a political party which shall in nowise compromise the rights of the slave; but it is sad to behold, as we have done in Ohio, as it were, strewed along our course, the wrecks of men who have once refused to be partners in, and voluntary supporters of, this United Man-stealing Confederacy, but who are now found struggling for the success of a party which not only does not ask for or propose the Abolition of Slavery, but disclaims any *right*, and avows its purpose not to interfere in behalf the slaves in the States, and proclaims its loyalty to a Union and a Government which doom every seventh man and woman in the country to the auction-block, and likewise threaten with death all who may join the slaves in resisting their murderous oppressors. When will men realize the utter folly, the *criminality* of joining the pro-slavery Federal Government and swearing their protection to men-stealers and cradle-plunderers in their infernal career? Very many acknowledge the rightfulness of our position, and that we have the argument, but plead *expediency* as a reason for being in a political alliance with slaveholders. This spirit of *compromise* in regard to slavery has always been the curse of this country.

I am now crossing the Lake to Detroit, on my way to Liberia, to attend the Michigan Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends. This meeting is alike devoted to the anti-slavery and all reform movements. The following week the second Anniversary of the Michigan Anti-Slavery Society is to be held, at Battle Creek. A good meeting is anticipated. Yours, for Emancipation,

AARON M. POWELL.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th mo. 22d, 1855.

THE most interesting event of the past week which it is my duty to report is the meeting of the Convention of Coloured Americans. Their sessions were held in Franklin Hall, a room capable of containing from six to eight hundred persons; and, from the reports of those who attended regularly, I learn that most of the time it was well filled and occasionally quite crowded. I regret that the pressure of other engagements prevented me from attending, and that it is only from hearsay that I can give any account of their deliberations.

The Convention organized by electing Amos G. Beeman, of Connecticut, President, with a number of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries. A little jealousy was displayed by some delegates, when the selection of officers was announced; and to those uninitiated it appeared that the honours of the Convention occupied a higher place in the regards of some than the objects for which it had assembled.

On the proposition to admit Miss Shadd, of Canada, as a corresponding delegate, the vexed question of Woman's Rights came up for discussion, and was warmly debated during the afternoon and evening session. Some of the more influential members thought that the anti-slavery cause had seriously suffered by the introduction of this and other extraneous topics, and, with a logic worthy of the World's Anti-Slavery Convention of 1840, or of the World's Temperance Convention of 1853, advocated the exclusion of this "firebrand" by an exclusion of women.

Frederick Douglass exposed, in a masterly manner, the fallacy of the objections to Miss Shadd's admission, and showed, with telling force, that a Convention assembled to protest against the wrongs of a race and to demand a recognition of their rights would stultify itself by ignoring the rights of any portion of that race. It was, in fact, the argument that the wisdom of the world refused to listen to in 1840 and 1853, but which the coloured Americans, by a vote of 38 to 23, endorsed. If the proceedings of these three bodies referred to should be wormed out by some musty antiquarian of 1950, and the judgment of the world be passed upon them, which, think you, will be considered the index of the most advanced civilization?

The dominant question before the Convention had reference to the means of elevating the coloured people in an industrial point of view. The necessity of enlarging their circle of occupations, if they wished to command the respect of the whites, and with any show of success demand the rights of which they are deprived, was admitted by all. The only point in dispute was the best method of obtaining this object. Many believed that the establishment of an Industrial College was the surest and speediest mode of educating their people to serve other occupations than the menial ones to which they now almost exclusively devote themselves. The Report of the Committee appointed at the last meeting was adverse to this, believing it to be impracticable at present. It recommends a more systematic cooperation among the coloured business men of each neighbourhood; the establishment of social circles, in which the industrial wants of their race and the means of supplying them shall be discussed; the inculcation, by the clergy and all influential persons, of a disposition to learn trades and to attend to mercantile and agricultural pursuits; the creation of a fund for the encouragement of beginners in business; and, finally, the establishment of trades' unions and associated enterprises.

The Report contains statistical information of great interest. By it we learn that the coloured people in the New England States have employed in active business, exclusive of agriculture, a capital of $2,000,000; in Ohio, Illinois and Michigan, $1,500,000; in New York and Pennsylvania, $3,000,000; and in California, $200,000. It also states or implies that, in the city of New York, they have $600,000 in savings' fund institutions. Though this document was finally adopted, a large minority adhered to the project of an Industrial School, and an animated discussion ensued upon resolutions recommending it, introduced as an amendment to the Report.

Frederick Douglass took occasion, if the reports in our daily press are correct, to indulge in a fling at the Garrisonian Abolitionists, because they had, as he alleged, diverted funds which he had expected Mrs. Stowe would devote to the establishment of such a school. Mr. Douglass was, without question, the leading man of the Convention. The remarkable talent and the interest which attaches to him as a self-emancipated and a self-educated slave entitle him to that prominence. There were, doubtless, others present of more cultivated and thoroughly developed intellect, but there is something in the native eloquence and great mental power of this son of the South that commands the admiration of his hearers and the affections of his race. One can but mourn that his perceptions of the right are not quick enough to restrain him from sinking to blacken the character and depreciate the services of those with whom he formerly laboured, and who then were and now are better friends to him than he is to himself.

The Convention did not forget Passmore Williamson and his coadjutors, but passed warm resolutions of sympathy and admiration for them.

Their demand for equal political rights and for the emancipation of their brethren in bondage was not made a prominent topic for discussion; not, I suppose, because they esteem the one of trifling importance or the other a matter with which they have little to do, but because they had assembled for a specific purpose and devoted themselves mainly to it.

The manner with which the business of the Convention was conducted was open to some criticism. There was a great deal of talk about matters of little importance, and points of order were discussed with a persistence that would not have been objectionable had the Convention designed a six months' session, but which was quite puerile, considering the little time they had and the important business before them. In this respect it was very much like conventions of whites, and, from all I can learn, was not more culpable of a sophomorish stickling for non-essentials than the two or three preliminary assemblies which I attended of what is now the National Educational Convention. That there was a large array of talent present is acknowledged by all who were there. Our press generally admits that the speaking was of a high order of merit. Your readers can understand this admission when the names of the two Beemans, Isaiah Muir, Dr. McCune Smith, C. L. Remond, Frederick Douglass, R. Purvis, Dr. J. S. Rock, Mr. Bell, and Miss Shadd, are mentioned as figuring in the debates.

I know not what action may grow out of the recommendations of the Convention. An earnest and continued effort cannot be fruitless. This meeting, of itself, has done a vast deal of good. The unanimous voice of the press, so far as I have heard it, speaks loyally for the usefulness of such Conventions. Their is a tone of respect in their reports that is very gratifying. Without the grossest injustice no other feeling could have been expressed. The talent and earnestness of purpose displayed must command respect. The *North American* says, "those congregated presented a respectable and intelligent appearance, calculated to undeceive those who are continually harping upon the utter degradation of the coloured people of the North. Among the delegates was a considerable number of reputation, as ministers of the Gospel and orators of much ability."

The *Sunday Dispatch* says: "In the general character of its members and the respectability of their appearance, as well as in the evidence of intelligence, this body compared favourably with conventions of white citizens."

I think if the *Tribune* could apprehend the good which flows from such conventions, it would not give to the coloured people the "unpalatable advice" to abstain from holding conventions and devote themselves entirely to farming or other industrious pursuits. Men who know so well what conventions are as do the gentlemen connected with the *Tribune* should know that to meet once a year for two or three days in general meeting is not inconsistent with an attention to some productive profession. I will venture the opinion that the persons who took part in this Convention are engaged more days in the year in honourable and productive labour than the same number taken indiscriminately from any National Democratic, Whig or Know-Nothing Convention that has been held since the *Tribune* has been in existence. No one agrees more heartily than I do with the views advanced in the *Tribune* as to the importance of the coloured people lifting themselves from the menial round of occupations to which they are now so generally confined, but I look upon it as unworthy that journal to sneer at the Conventions of coloured people. I see no more impropriety in a coloured editor like Frederick Douglass leaving his post for a week to attend a convention than in a white editor like Horace Greeley doing the same thing.

Our city has now its full complement of residents and temporary sojourners. Almost all who have deserted the city during the Summer have returned and have become again acclimated. The premonitory symptoms of Winter are observable on every hand. One of the surest precursors of the annual chill is to be found in the movements of the literary associations. They have begun to announce their Winter course of lectures. Henry Giles is about commencing a course. I see among the distinguished names mentioned in the prospectus of one of our literary societies, those of Horace Mann, Emerson, Beecher, Chapin, Bayard Taylor and others. In my daily walks I meet with another indication, considered unmistakable, of the approach of the "cold term," the presence of large numbers of that nondescript animal yclept a medical student. Our half-dozen medical schools seem to be abundantly supplied with the raw material out of which doctors are manufactured. Not the least important, if not the most numerously attended, of these half-dozen is the Philadelphia Female College. The class attending this school, though not large, is composed of ladies who will do credit to themselves and the profession they have chosen. They are mostly earnest, thoughtful, attentive and perseveringly industrious, understanding the dignity and importance of the position they have assumed. The vacancy which has so long existed in the chair of obstetrics has been filled by the election of Dr. Birdsall, of Camden, a gentleman who to a reputation for a thorough acquaintance with the principles of his profession adds an enlarged experience in its practice. The Faculty is now complete and the prospects of the College encouraging.

One day last week, Mr. Gilpin, in behalf of Passmore Williamson, introduced an affidavit from that gentleman into the United States District Court, and asked leave to have it filed. Judge Kane refused to grant the request, and insisted upon his making a motion to show cause why it should not be filed. The counsel declined taking that course and in repeating the question whether the Court refused to receive the application the Judge very pettishly declined answering and ordered the crier to call a jury. The Judge has the reputation of being quite a Chesterfield but certainly this scurvy treatment of the members of the bar scarcely justifies that reputation. But it was not worth while to object to his contempt of the practitioners at his bar. His contempt of law, justice and reason overshadow such trifling peccadilloes.

The substance of the affidavit, if I am rightly informed, is a protest against the jurisdiction of the Court and a denial of all knowledge, custody and control of Jane Johnson and her children since 5 o'clock, P. M., of the 18th of July.

This morning, Messrs. Meredith, Gilpin and Hopper appeared in the same Court with a petition from Passmore Williamson substantially the same as the affidavit. The Judge declined to receive it, on the ground that he must first purge himself of contempt before he is reinstated in his rights in the Court. With more politeness than he exhibited on the previous application, he expressed his willingness to hear an argument upon the propriety of receiving the petition. In this position the case now stands. C.

Summary.

A FUGITIVE SENT BACK.—*The Boston Times* states that a coloured boy named "Jack," nine years of age, claimed by Joseph Tucker, of Mobile, as his slave, was sent back to his master from Boston in the brig Selma, Capt. Rogers, on the 18th inst.

The bark Maury of this port has been seized by the United States Marshal on complaint of the British Consul, on the allegation that her owners were about to sell her to Russia, for the purpose of intercepting and capturing the Cunard steamers.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Boston (Mass.) papers state, in a few days a store will be opened in that city, with a capital of $150,000, as an agency for the sale of flour at Western prices, with the addition of the cost of transportation and incidental expenses. The Boston *Post* says, "some of the better class of our moneyed men are ready to advance sums for the purpose of establishing stores of this description.

SALE OF NEGROES.—On Monday last, in front of the court-house of Loudoun county, four negroes were sold at extraordinary prices. A negro boy, fifteen years of age, brought one thousand dollars. Two negro girls, ten and twelve years of age, were sold at seven hundred and ten dollars, and six hundred dollars respectively; a small boy, about seven, commanded seven hundred and seventy-five dollars.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—The following is a literal copy of a list of questions proposed for discussion in a debating club out West. People who can't spell seldom have a high respect for women:

Subjecte of Disskussion:
Is *dunsin* moralla roug?
Is the reading of fictisus woaks commendible?
Is it necessary that femails shud reseve a thorough literrary educashun?
Of femails to tuke parts in politiks?

The Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph*, of Thursday, says: "A young gentleman, yclept Alonzo Griffin, having expressed sentiments hostile to "the peculiar institution," and given various indications more congenial to the atmosphere of Massachusetts than Georgia, was ordered out of this city on Friday last, and was escorted to the cars, on Saturday, by a large company of our citizens. In consequence of his youth and weak head, no violent measures were resorted to, the people only demanding that he should make tracks Northward."

THE NATIONAL NECESSITY.—During the tedious imprisonment of the crew of the Rescue in Smith's Sound, a weekly newspaper, under the title of "*The Iceblink*," was published on board for some seven or eight weeks. It was in manuscript, and its motto was: In tenebris servare fidem—Sustain your trust, even in darkness. The newspaper seems to be a sort of *necessity* to the Anglo-Saxon race, for in Parry's sojourn at Melville Island in 1819–20, a newspaper was in like manner published on board, and was called—if we are not mistaken—*The Arctic Journal*.

In Boston, Lewis Hayden, *an ignorant negro, who knows nothing about the politics of the country at all*, is a peer with some very respectable gentlemen, and sits down with them in a nominating committee, to decide who shall be candidates for Senators from Suffolk, and representatives from the city.—*Boston Courier*.

We should be glad to hear of a discussion between Lewis Hayden and the editor of the *Boston Courier* in relation to the politics of the country, and, if Hayden thinks it would not be getting in rather meaner company than he has any taste for, we hope he will give the editor an opportunity.—*Bost. Tel.*

AN OCTOGENARIAN'S REMINISCENCES.—Few men now on the stage of action can say, we imagine, what the Rev. Dr. Lowell, of Boston, says in a communication addressed by him lately to the editor of the *Boston Evening Transcript*. He speaks of having known the celebrated Dugald Stewart, Dr. Currie (who wrote the life of Burns), Sir David Brewster, and Bishops Porteous and Wilberforce; of having heard William Pitt, Fox and Sheridan speak in Parliament; of having seen John Phillip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons on the stage, and of having vivid recollections of Napoleon Bonaparte and Talleyrand, in Paris.

The *Enquirer* is making a great bug-a-boo about Negro Suffrage, and charges Mr. Chase with being in favour of changing the Constitution to permit negroes to vote. We have authority for saying that Mr. Chase never expressed any desire to have the Constitution changed in respect to this subject, nor does he wish to have it changed.

We find the foregoing in the *Cincinnati Gazette*, one of the accredited organs of the Republican party for this State. We do not know what the "authority" of the *Gazette* may be; but if it is Mr. Chase, or if such announcements are made with his connivance, his nomination was certainly one "unfit to be made" by a party claiming to be anti-slavery.—*A. S. Bugle.*

A SINGULAR RELIC.—We were shown, on Saturday, by Col. Ogle, of this County, a small copper tobacco box, about two by six inches. The history of this box is interesting. When William Penn first began the settlement of Philadelphia, he gave it to an Indian chief, as a present. The box then was perfectly plain. Long afterwards, it was procured from the Indians by a white man, and then it was discoverd to be rudely carved all over. One part of it represents Penn treating with the Indians, and the figures of Indians are scattered in many places. The carving has evidently been done with a sharp stone—the cuts seem to be scratched out. It is a living illustration of the artistic skill of the aborigines. The box has been in the possession of the family of Col. Ogle for over one hundred years.—*Terra Haute (Ind.) Express.*

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—The business on this road is so prosperous that there is talk of laying down a double track. We have just parted with a passenger who came through last night, and who had rather a hard time in getting to the road. He started on foot from the home of his master, in Virginia, and travelled 225 miles before he set foot in a free State. He was pursued by the slave-hunters with their hounds; but getting near the residence of a planter, his curs came out and attacked the hounds, so that they lost the scent. Our runaway then guided his course by the track of the railroad, and for a couple of days without any other food than the apples which he picked upon the route. When he arrived at Philadelphia, he was taken under the charge of the Underground road, and is now safe in Canada. He is a smart, intelligent man, with much more than the usual energy of his race.

SICKNESS IN INDIANA.—The Indianapolis *Journal*, of the 3d inst., says: "We have no doubt there is more sickness in Indiana this Fall than ever before, not of a fatal character, it is true, but distressing and expensive. The chills have come, like locusts in Utah, devouring the accumulated health of many summers. Those who have boasted themselves chill-proof have shaken like a coward entering a battle, and many a robust constitution has felt its clammy coldness overspreading them like a November drizzle. From every quarter of the State we hear the gruntings of backracked patients, and the combined fevers of all the afflicted would make a heat sufficient to set up a young volcano."

The entire West is afflicted with sickness to an extent unparalleled in the history of the country. It is not confined to particular localities, but appears to be general, on the hills as well as in the valleys, in towns as well as in the country.—*Columbus (O.) Columbian.*

PROPOSED NEW TERRITORY.—The Olympia (Washington Territory) *Pioneer*, of the 3d of August, contains a call for a Convention addressed to the people both of Oregon and Washington Territories east of the Cascade Mountains, to meet at the Dalles on the 25th of August, to take preliminary steps for the organization of a new Territory, to extend on either side of the Columbian river, from the Cascades to the Rocky Mountains. The *Pioneer* says of the project:

"The late treaties with the Indians in that direction by Gov. Stephens and Gen. Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the respective Territories, has thrown open for occupation all the fertile valleys of a vast scope of country, and the adaptation of that country for stock-growing has already induced a large number of farmers from the Willamette valley to repair thither with the intention of making that section of country their home. Should the gold fields of that section prove equal to present public hope and expectation, it has been suggested that at least three thousand persons will be found in that region during the present month; and, with an otherwise rapidly increasing population, we can see no obstacle that can intervene to prevent the formation of a new Territory there during the approaching session of Congress. Our delegate elect to Congress, Col. Anderson, now on a visit to the Ft. Colville country, will have ample opportunity of ascertaining all necessary facts."

The Opening Lecture before the Fraternity on Friday, evening last, by Hon. Wendell Phillips, was well attended, and gave good encouragement that the course will be liberally sustained. The lecturer detained his audience some over an hour and a quarter, in one of the neatest extemporaneous lectures to which we have ever listened. His opening remarks in reference to the origin and utility of Lyceums were appropriate to the occasion, when he carried his audience across the Atlantic, and led them through many interesting incidents that made a deep impression upon his own mind while witnessing "street life in European capitals." In drawing comparisons between the manners and customs of the peasantry as well as the gentry on the other side of the Atlantic and this, he occasionally stepped on the toes of Brother Jonathan, but we presume no one doubted the strict fidelity of his illustrations and the comparisons that were so beautifully drawn.—*Claremont (N. H.) Advocate, 16th.*

FORESTS OF OREGON.—Says a correspondent of *The Tribune*: "I have now been some time in Oregon and Washington Territories, and will give you the result of my observations. The first and most prominent feature that greets the eye of the traveller is the magnificent forest scenery. The tall pines, majestic oaks and unrivalled red wood, seem to carry us back to the days of Noah and his sons. It has always been difficult for me to believe the accounts of the trees here, as related by Lewis and Clarke, and all travellers since. These giants of the forest are from ten to twenty feet in diameter, and sometimes 350 feet in height. I could not, from so many reliable accounts doubt their existence; now I *know*. A few weeks ago, some contractors came up the Columbia and cut a pine for a spar, and after hewing it out, took it to San Francisco to serve as the 'mast of some tall admiral.' This little walking-stick was 120 feet long, hewed eight square—an octagon—thirty-eight inches in diameter, and as straight as a candle the entire length. When it arrived at San Francisco, they could not tell the top from the butt."

A MINISTER SUSPENDED.—The Indiana Presbytery of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church has suspended from the ministry one of its clergymen, for unchristian conduct. The following are the specifications:

"*First Specification.*—For associating himself with an association known as the Underground Railroad, whose avowed business is to assist slaves from slave to free territory.

"*Second Specification.*—For actually engaging in the business of assisting slaves in making their escape from slave to free territory, which is contrary to the laws of the United States and statute laws of the State of Indiana."

Several of the witnesses stated that the offending minister had boasted to them of the number of slaves he had aided to escape, giving the names and places in Kentucky from which they had escaped; and one of them testified that he had heard him say that he had never denied belonging to the Underground Railroad, and that he had said in April, this year, in speaking of the relative numbers taken to Liberia by Colonization, and to Canada by Underground Railroad, that 10,000 had gone to Liberia, and 35,000 to Canada by Underground Railroad.—*Baltimore Sun.*

THE PESTILENCE SUMMED UP.—The fever is over at Norfolk. The *Southern Argus* says, that within a space of three months, out of an average population of six thousand, "every man, woman, and child (almost without exception), has been stricken with the fell fever, and about two thousand have been buried—being not less than two out of three of the whites, and one out of three of the whole abiding community of Norfolk, white and black." What a hideous summing up! Besides this, we learn that one-half of the resident physicians perished, and not less than thirty-six in all, resident and visitant, fell martyrs. The glory of these men will be truly appreciated in a more civilized age, when Force and Wrong are not so widely worshipped, but Science and Mercy come in for a fuller share of public esteem.

We would suggest a national subscription—through the churches and otherwise—for a fund toward building at Norfolk a suitable monument to the memories of the noble doctors and nurses who sacrificed their lives for the good of others. It would be a simple matter for each congregation or person, thinking such a monument due their ashes, to forward without ceremony the amount to Mr. Whitehead, the acting mayor of Norfolk, and the journals would acknowledge the receipt.—*Tribune.*

WHAT PRIDE COSTS.—An Illinois farmer, writing to a Chicago paper about the expenses of a settler, says, "his living will vary according to the size of his family, and *their propensity to gratify pride, which is always an expensive article in a new country.*" The good farmer might have added that pride was an expensive article anywhere. Certainly, if it is so costly an affair on a prairie farm, it is none the less costly in our great Atlantic cities, which are full of the ruin caused by pride. Thousands are annually beggared, and tens of thousands straightened in circumstances by this same pride.

It is pride that makes the father dress his daughter beyond his means. It is pride that induces the mother to do the kitchen work, that Mary Anne may sit in the parlour and practice music. It is pride that leads families to live in houses finer than they can afford, to give showy parties, to waste the surplus of their income in a summer excursion. It is pride that has French mirrors, French laces, French China, French knicknackeries of every sort. It is pride, in short, that is at the root of half the extravagance of the age. Truly did the wise man say, "Pride goeth before destruction." Embarrassment and ruin are *what pride costs.*—*Phil. Ledger.*

GOSSIPS.—You speak of the unhappiness caused by gossips, but you must try to get so far above them, that their poisoned arrows cannot hit you; not high in haughtiness, or lofty in instigations, but in purity. I have been hissed at by such poor, shallow, weak-minded, loose-brained clappertongues, and at first their arrows pierced my heart to its very depths; but now they have about as much, or rather as little effect on me, as the geese that hiss, as I pass them unconcerned. When I was a child I was sometimes sent of errands, to a neighbour's, where there were geese that hissed and chased me. I used to take a stick to keep them off, but the more I opposed them, the more they annoyed me. My mother told me not to fight or chase them, but pass on quietly, and they would not dare to come only within a certain distance. I heeded her advice, and found it true. They could only hiss, and after they discovered that hissing did not trouble me, they gave it up. So with gossips. Chase them, try to explain or clear up their knotty yarns, and they will only hiss the louder and chase you the harder; but leave them to themselves, and they will soon weary. Poor things! they want some outlet for their shallow, restless brains, and employment for their loose tongues; let them gobble, and cackle and hiss, and waddle about, and quack like other fowls; a girl like you ought not to be annoyed by them. Live straight on in truth and goodness, and let them cackle, as they have no higher enjoyment.—*J. Hacker, in the Pleasure Boat.*

MURDER AND LYNCHING IN CARROLL COUNTY, MO.—A correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican*, under date of Oct. 9, gives the following particulars of the murder of Judge Plemmons by one of his slaves, in Carroll County, Missouri:

"I haste to inform you of one of the most diabolical murders that has ever been committed in the State. Judge Thomas Plemmons, of this vicinity, was murdered by his negro man, George, on yesterday evening, while taking a walk, but a short distance from his residence. The Judge had been in feeble health for some time, and was just convalescing, and had walked out to his potato patch, in which George was digging potatoes. Not returning at night, his family became alarmed, and commenced a search for him; but, not finding him during the night, the neighbours were called in to make a thorough search for him this morning, which being done and no discovery being made, it was suggested by some persons present that George had manifested some uneasiness, and that it would be well to examine him. He was taken up, and soon confessed the murder, and conducted the large crowd of citizens that had assembled to the place where he had secreted the body. The indignant feelings produced by beholding the mangled corpse were intense, and it was with difficulty that the friends of the deceased could be restrained from tearing the inhuman wretch into pieces. It was determined by the crowd to try him at once, and six of the citizens of the county were chosen as jurymen, who, after hearing the confession of George, came to the decision that it was expedient that he should be immediately executed, which decision being acquiesced in by the large number of citizens present, the prisoner was taken to a tree near by and suspended by the neck until he was dead."

The morals of the most respectable classes in New Orleans seem at a discount, and gin and the muses in close embrace in the same latitude, according to the *N. O. Delta* of the 8th, as follows:

"POLICE MATTERS.—Everything in this line was extremely dull yesterday and night before last. Several balls were reported for being open without license, and one or two coffee-houses were found in the same predicament. Sergeant Dryden reported Officer Hudnal for being staving drunk on his beat, and some *fifty citizens of the first respectability were arrested for drunkenness. Among their number a poet, who paced the cold cell all night in company with three runaway negroes, and composed a poem entitled 'Liberty vs. License.'*"

How the pure blood of the Pandelly-like aristocracy finds the stuff wherever it is formed, may be partially judged by the following elegant extract from the same journal of the same date:

"CRUEL TREATMENT.—A little slave girl, named Louise, aged about ten years, yesterday evening presented herself at the Police office of the Second district, seeking protection from the cruel treatment of her mistress, Madame E. Cruzelle. The slave had been brutally beaten, *her back and other parts of her body being literally cut to pieces.* She stated that her owners had beaten her in this manner because she did not sell enough cakes, &c. to gratify their cupidity. She was placed in jail to await an investigation of the matter."

We have no doubt that this is an extreme and exceptional case, though we have heard before that many young slave girls at New Orleans are sent out in this way, and treated with cruelty if they fail to bring home a sufficient sum to their owners.—*Tribune.*

TRAGEDY IN RICHMOND.—The following is from the Richmond *Enquirer* of the 15th inst.:

About three weeks since, a young man, a stranger, who stated that his name was Auburn, and that he was from Boston, Massachusetts, came to this city and sought and obtained work at the cabinet establishment of Messrs. Binford & Porter, as a designer and carver. After working a few days, and proving himself a first rate carver, and earning thirty-eight dollars, which were paid him, he rented a house on Main street, near 22d street, and employed a carpenter to fit the same up for a grocery, oyster and drinking house. He also employed a young man to assist him in the grocery, which was to be opened on Monday (to-day).

On Friday night last, Auburn was arrested on a charge of enticing away and harbouring two negro men, belonging to Messrs. Jesse Williams and James H. Grant, and who had disappeared a few days previous. The time of arrest was about twelve o'clock Friday night, and was effected by the police, who stationed themselves around Auburn's house, and awaited his return, which was at the late hour named. He resisted the officers with pistol and bowie-knife in hand, but was overpowered and taken to the cage. On his way to the prison, he drew from his pocket a phial of strychnine, and drank a portion of it, and spit out a mouthful of the poison in the face of the officers who had him in charge. Two physicians were immediately called to his relief, but he died from the effects of the strychnine, about two hours after swallowing it, and the coroner held an inquest over his body Saturday morning.

The charge on which he was arrested was satisfactorily established as follows: He had received about $100 from the two negro men, under a promise to convey them to the North, and had concealed them in the third story of his house, preparatory to sending them away. One of the negroes having complained of being unwell, he gave him what he said was a dose of medicine, but which was, no doubt, strychnine, as the negro died soon after taking the dose. Auburn then dug a grave in his cellar, and, with the assistance of the other negro, buried his murdered subject, first cutting his throat, ripping open his abdomen, and horribly mutilating the body in other places. This was done, it is supposed, to prevent the negro from recovering from the effects of the strychnine.

These bloody scenes occurring before the eyes of the other negro, naturally produced much alarm and uneasiness in his mind; consequently, he embraced the first opportunity to escape from confinement, which he did by leaping from a window in the third story of the house. He then returned to his master, and revealed all he knew about this most singular and horrible transaction. It is believed Auburn was in league with others engaged in the business of running off slaves, but no accomplices have yet been detected.

Auburn was a young man of genteel appearance and manners, and had capacities, as a carver and designer, to earn from five to eight dollars a day. He gave as a reason for renting a house and opening a grocery, the expected visit of his mother and some of her family from the North, to reside with him in this city.

COLOURED MEN IN NEW YORK STATE.—At the late meeting of coloured men in Philadelphia, it was stated that there were of coloured men working at their trades and professions here:

House carpenters, 15—apprentices, 5; hat-straw makers, 16; cabinet makers, 1; blacksmiths, 6; ship-carpenters, 4; machinists, 10; masons, 7; printers, 4—apprentices, 2; hatter, 1; milliners, 2; tailors, 3—apprentices, 1; second-hand clothing stores, 27; painters, 4; japanner, 1; chair matters, 6; coopers, 6; merchants, 4; peddlers, 6; clergymen, 21; physicians 7; drug storekeepers, 7; 2 practical chemists, the rest kept by physicians—4 drug clerks and chemists and 3 apprentices; tinsmiths, 5—apprentices 3; musicians, 18; engineers, 2; watchmakers and jewellers, 2—apprentices, 2; dressmakers, 100; tailoresses, 10; shirt-makers and seamstresses, 11; preserve manufacturers, 4—2 clerks, 2 stores; gold watch case makers, 1; caulker, 1; upholsterers, 2—1 apprentice; artist and engraver, 1; straw hat presser, 1; soap boiler, 1; horse-shoer, 1; baker, 1; confectioners, 10; tobacconists, 2; speculators in general merchandise, 7; teachers, 35; ship-brokers, 4; stock and land-brokers, 4; lawyer, 1; professor in college, 1; silver plater, 1. Total, 429.

Of those not working at their trades and professions: boot and shoemakers, 45; carpenters, 28; blacksmiths, 24; ship-carpenters, 3; machinists, 8; masons and bricklayers, 13; wheelwrights, 4; printers, 10; hatters, 4; milliners, 10; tailors, 15; painters, 7; coopers, 5; sailmakers, 4; joiners, 2; musicians, 15; engineers, 3; dressmakers, 35; tailoresses, 20; caulkers, 5; upholsterers, 4; type-founders, 1; soap-boilers, 3; stone-cutters, 4; brass founders, 4; horse shoers, 5; bakers, 11; confectioners, 13; tobacconists, 4; caulkers, 6; ship-builders, 2. Total, 325.

MARRIED.

TARBELL—JACKSON.—On the 15th inst., by Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D., Mr. Eben R. Tarbell, to Miss Ellen M., daughter of Edmund Jackson, Esq., all of Boston.

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

Receipts for July, August and September.

John Evans	$10 00	Redwood Warner	$10 00
John Cavender	10 00	Dr. D. M. Davis	5 00
James Irvin	3 00	B. Bassett	1 00
A. G. Roland	10 00	Timothy Atchinson	5 00
Samuel Rhoads	3 00	Samuel Hacket	1 00
Morris Davis	25 00	G. H. Earle	10 00
B. Longstreth	10 00	W. Potts	5 00
Sarah Beans	5 00	J.

Miscellaneous Department.

JOHN WYCLIFFE.

From The Monthly Religious Magazine.

WYCLIFFE came back from Bruges with a renewed determination to fight against the supremacy of the Pope and the vices of the clergy. There he had seen all the secret springs of Papal influence laid bare; he had watched the intrigues of bishops and cardinals; and whatever reverence he had felt for the head of the Church, left him forever. For the future, our grave doctor of divinity, lecturing to his classes at Oxford or preaching his Sunday sermons in the parish church of Lutterworth, will not content himself with English monks and the abuses of the Roman power. He strikes with his sharp and heavy axe at the very root of that power, declaring that the clergy ought to give up their rich mansions and wide domains, and become poor men as the apostles were. In his rough dialect, the pope is "very Anti-christ"; and he can hardly find hard words enough to hurl at the heads of the "false priests."

There is great complaint in our times of the *violence* of reformers; they are expected to discuss the monstrous iniquities of society calmly and coolly; they must "roar you as gently as any sucking dove." It is a good thing to keep cool, to be sure; it gives the features a more amiable expression; and it promotes digestion, we are told. But it is not exactly the vocation of the reformer. If we glance back over the past, we shall find no such velvet-fingered apostles of revolution among all the glorious battalions of reform. Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Calvin, Latimer, Knox, Milton—they were all men who set at defiance the proprieties of language and the silken conventionalities of society, and rained their heavy blows right down upon the foe. What a lion of controversy was Luther—*roaring* against his antagonists, and putting them to flight by the fierceness of his assault!

As Father Taylor said of St. Peter, "he was like the last end of a thunder-storm, softened by the breath of Almighty God." No: when God sets his great trumpet to the lips of his chosen apostle, you must not expect sweet pastoral piping or the warbling of a parlour flute, but blasts that shake the ground, and are answered by the trampling of war-horses and the clatter of armour. Of this kind was the preaching of Wycliffe. Nor was he long suffered to utter his heresies undisturbed.

In June, 1377, no less than five bulls were issued against him by the new Pope, Gregory. They were addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the King, and the University of Oxford. To such as have never seen a Papal bull, it may be interesting to hear the modest and Christian way in which Wycliffe is spoken of in the last-named of these:

"Gregory, the bishop, the servant of God's servants, to his well-beloved sons, the Chancellor and University of Oxford, in the diocese of Lincoln:

"Grievously it is come to our ears that one John Wycliffe, professor of divinity (would God he were not rather a master of errors!) is run into a kind of detestable wickedness, not only and openly publishing, but also vomiting out of the filthy dungeon of his breast divers professions, false and erroneous conclusions, and most wicked and damnable heresies," &c.

It was not until April, 1378, that a synod was convened to try Wycliffe according to the directions of the Pope. Before this synod, at Lambeth, he appeared to plead his cause. The synod pronounced some of his conclusions atheistical, and forbade his preaching them. But what was their prohibition to a man who declared his readiness to defend his opinions "even to the death, if by so doing he might reform the manners of the Church"? He returned to his lectures at Oxford; but, worn out by his labours, he fell sick, and lay at the point of death. His old enemies, the friars heard of it, and resolved to visit him, hoping to extort some confession from him. Accordingly, four monkish doctors, attended by as many city-officers, one day made their way into his sick chamber. His head lay languidly on its pillow; his great cavernous eyes looked still deeper set under his shaggy eyebrows; and his face, they thought, had the death-mark upon it. "Repent," said one of the monks, "repent while it is yet time, and be reconciled to our holy mother, and atone for the injuries thou hast done to our fraternity." At these words the failing strength of the sick man revived; with a great effort he raised himself in bed, and fixed his eyes on the astonished monks. "I shall not die," said he, "but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the friars." Dismayed, as if they had heard a voice of defiance from the grave, they hurried from the room; nor was it long before the indefatigable Wycliffe was again at his work.

He now aimed his blows at one main pillar of the Catholic faith—the doctrine of transubstantiation. In 1381, he challenged the university to a discussion of the subject. His challenge was answered by a decree of the chancellor and officers of the university, forbidding him to teach such doctrines under penalty of the greater excommunication and of imprisonment. The same punishment was threatened to all who should listen to him.

When this decree was read to Wycliffe, he appealed at once to the King and Parliament; but in the meantime he was obliged to leave Oxford, and confine himself to his parish of Lutterworth.

Immediately after this affair, the insurrection of Wat Tyler broke out; and for many months the whole southern part of the kingdom was thrown into confusion by the war between the nobles and the commons. This contest, which originated in the outrageous tyranny practised by the powerful classes towards the serfs and labouring people, has never yet been set forth in its true light. The history of the people, indeed, never does get written. Stately Gibbon and Robertson, philosophical Hume and Lingard, tell of the wars of illustrious cut-throats, the intrigues of shameless courts, and the pomp of wealth and rank; but they seldom come down to the great mass of the people, whose history is, in fact, that of the nation. We must learn their story from traditionary customs, from proverbs, from songs, and fireside tales, and from the scanty allusions to them in the pages of history. We might well thank the historian who should sketch for us the stirring scenes of this insurrection—the long pressure of wrongs, which at last roused the over-drudged labourers to rebellion; the fiery eloquence of their leaders—men, like the stout priest, John Ball, who went from hamlet to hamlet, preaching the equality of men and the eternal laws of justice; their short and violent career of success, and their downfall, wrought by perfidy, and stained with innocent blood.

There can be no doubt that Wycliffe sympathized deeply with the oppressed commons, whom misgovernment drove to such terrible excesses. But that he was concerned in the revolt, no one has ever pretended; although his disciples have been accused of aiding it. At any rate, the reaction which followed it was highly unfavourable to his cause at court. His friends among the nobles forsook him; and even John of Gaunt, so long his firm protector, refused to support him in his attack upon transubstantiation. In 1382, a statute was framed by the king and lords, without the consent of the lower house, forbidding those disciples of Wycliffe who were in the habit of going from town to town, and preaching in the market-places or under trees, from continuing the practice. These men, resembling the early Quaker and Methodist preachers, are called "poor priests" by Wycliffe. They went barefoot, clad in gowns of coarse frieze. Wherever they could get together an audience, they preached against the evils of the times and the sins of the clergy. So numerous were they in 1382, that one of the monkish historians asserts, "Every other man in England was of their faith." The King's decree also commanded the authorities at Oxford to expel from the university all who taught the doctrines of Wycliffe, or his associates—Hereford, Reppingdon, and Ashton.

We come now to the greatest work of Wycliffe's time—a work which he was the first to undertake, and which, if he did not complete, he certainly carried far towards completion. This was the literal translation of the whole Bible into English. . . . . The clergy everywhere oppose him. They fear that the holy books will be disgraced. They fear, too, the overthrow of their own power. This is what one of their writers says of the matter:

"This Master John Wycliffe translated the Bible out of Latin into English, and thus laid it more open to the laity, and to women who could read, than it had formerly been to the most learned of the clergy. So the Gospel pearl is cast abroad and trodden under foot of swine; and that which was before precious, both to clergy and laity, is rendered as it were the common jest of both. The jewel of the Church is turned into the sport of the people."

Wycliffe does not fear any of the terrible consequences set forth in this passage. Perhaps he thinks, heretic as he is, that the jewel of the Church ought to be given to the people all the more because it is so precious. At all events, he works with diligence at Lutterworth. There are no printers in his time; so, as fast as he writes, it must be copied by industrious scribes, and sent over England by faithful messengers. In this way the work was finished, if not in Wycliffe's lifetime, at least within a few years of his death.

The importance of this translation can hardly be overestimated. It gave the first impulse to that study of the Scriptures for which the Anglo-Saxon race, as a people, are celebrated. Go where you will among the thousand colonies of this race, you will find everywhere strong proofs of this general acquaintance with the purest form of ancient theology. Nowhere is the obligation of duty, learned from the Mosaic and Christian writers, so strongly impressed on the heart of the people as among the English and Americans. Nothing has done so much to foster a severe morality among us as the constant and familiar reading of the Bible. The disciples of Wycliffe, meeting, in forests or secret chambers to hear the Word of God in their own tongue, and teaching its sublime lessons to their children, are the lineal ancestors of the noble stock of Puritans. They sowed the seed, whence we, and all men since their time, have reaped so rich a harvest.

While Wycliffe was engaged in this work, and at the same time preaching to his people at Lutterworth, and sending out pamphlet after pamphlet in support of his principles, his constitution was gradually giving way under the attacks of disease. Though scarcely sixty years of age, study and fierce conflict with the sins of his time had exhausted his strength. But he still laboured among his people; although, as he walked the streets of the little town, visiting from house to house, his step grew more feeble, and his long staff more needful for his support. At last, on the 28th of December, 1384, while engaged in the service at his own church-altar, he was struck with palsy. Within three days he died; and in the same church, without parade, his body was buried, amid the tears of devoted friends and the execrations of enemies. Says Walsingham, a contemporary writer:

"On the feast of the Passion of St. Thomas of Canterbury, that organ of the devil, that enemy of the Church, that author of confusion to the common people, that idol of heretics, that image of hypocrites, that restorer of schism, that storehouse of lies, that sink of flattery—John Wycliffe—being struck by the horrible judgment of God, was seized with palsy throughout his whole body, and continued to live in that condition until St. Sylvester's Day, on which he breathed out his malicious spirit into the abodes of darkness."

For forty years the bones of Wycliffe rested in quiet beneath the church where his weeping disciples laid him. Within that time his doctrines had spread far; men had been burnt in England for believing as he had done; in Bohemia, his books had roused John Huss to revolt against Rome; and he, too, had perished in the flames. By the same council that sentenced Huss, it was decreed that the body of Wycliffe should be taken up and burnt, as unworthy to rest in consecrated earth. In 1425, this barbarous decree was executed. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with a company of priests, bore the coffin of the reformer to the town-ridge of Lutterworth, burnt the body there, and cast the ashes into the stream. "The Swift," says Fuller, "carried them into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, they to the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is dispersed the world over."

So ends the story of John Wycliffe. What judgment shall we pass upon him? First of all, he was a thorough reformer: this point ought to be clearly understood. Away with those charges of cowardice and time-serving so often made against him! With him there was no step backward: as fast as he received the truth, he welcomed it, and firmly stood by it. One by one he shook off the fetters which bound him, and at last he stood in stern opposition to nearly all the peculiar doctines of the Romish Church. The dominion of the Pope, the necessity of sacraments, the worship of saints, the tyranny of the priesthood—all these were the objects of his attack. In many things he went farther than the later reformers; and an English Church founded on his principles would have been greatly unlike the present establishment.

In character he closely resembled the Puritan, possessing the same sternness, the same resolute obedience to what he believed the law of God. Like them he abhorred luxury, even to the extent of preaching against church-music, as an unhallowed pleasure. On the whole, we may sum up his character in one word—*heretic*. He was born a heretic; heresy made him famous; heresy gave his power over men; heresy builds his monument, and pays honour to his name. Without possessing the fire of Huss and Knox, or the eloquence of Luther, he was none the less a heretic, soberly and in cool blood. In Milton's time he would have been a Puritan; in our own, perhaps a socialist or an anti-slavery lecturer. He would have hoed corn at Brook Farm most likely, and written strong pamphlets against the Mexican war and the fugitive slave bill. Such men as he, see in every age faults to be corrected, great sins to be repented of. The reformer finds no age ready to welcome him. He is of necessity an outlaw. Do we think, because we have thrown off this or that yoke, that we are free? because we have grown wiser in this thing or that, that we are perfect? So our complacent dreams are scattered by the rude voice of some reformer crying in the streets against the defects in what we thought so fair.

So it always has been. Will it not always be so? Nature herself demands constant change. Nor ought we to expect that changes in government, or religion, or social customs, will be made without pain and strife. With what infinite sorrow and confusion and bloodshed have men struggled upward to their present civilization! Can we hope to go on without paying the price appointed? Nowhere are the tolls so unsparingly collected as on the straight turnpike of progress. Hereafter, as heretofore, there must be men who will step out boldly to the front of the battle—men who will give up friends, fortune, good fame, all things, if only they may advance God's cause thereby. Our own age cries loudly for her heroes and prophets. Nor does she cry in vain.

WORKS OF LORD BROUGHAM.*

From The London Examiner.

CHEMISTRY, political economy and mathematics are the three philosophies chiefly illustrated by Lord Brougham, in the volume of biography which forms the first part of this proposed republication of his writings. However instructive and important, they are subjects we could hardly have expected to find treated so pleasantly. The volume contains much new matter of a valuable and interesting kind, and is entertaining throughout. The biographer had selected a theme which gave play to his own tastes, and he has done it admirable justice.

Chemistry, as a science, almost dates its existence from the days of Black and Priestley, Cavendish and Davy. The reign of George III. was glorified by the dawning light, or rather by the very day-break, of that science; and of a king who had Adam Smith for a subject, it may truly be said that in his reign political economy became a study worthy to be followed by philosophers. Simson, during the same reign, displayed the full perfection of the Greek geometry; nor does the biographical historian forget what service was at the same period rendered to natural history by Sir Joseph Banks, and how the way was made plain by the mechanical genius of James Watt for all those changes which have tended most to produce, in the present day, something like a reconstruction of the form of civilized society. To the sketches of the English chemists it was also well to add some pages concerning Lavoisier, who may have claimed a little too much part in the discoveries of each, yet who excelled every chemist of his time in turning to philosophical account, by his admirable reasonings and generalizations, the discoveries of all. It was less necessary to complete with a sketch of D'Alembert the general view of the advance of mathematics in that age, though it would scarcely have been well to deny a place to the philosopher who excelled all then living in contemporary fame.

Personal recollections mingle pleasantly with the biographer's details. Once a pupil in Black's class-room, a friend of Davy and of Watt, acquainted, too, with other of his heroes, Lord Brougham has been able to bring many advantages beyond his mere possession of great intellectual ability to aid him in producing these life-like sketches. The result is a book full of absolute instruction, and full of interest.

We learn in it how modestly the chemist Black, much thinking and experimenting, but little trumpeting or printing, achieved in early manhood the unsealing of many mysteries, and exposed truths (such as the existence of more gaseous bodies than the atmospheric air, the theory of latent and specific heat, &c.) which are among the first elements, the fundamental truths of modern chemistry. And we are shown how this great chemist, a precise, calm bachelor, who "had less nonsense in his head than any man living," elegant of mind and facile of movement was, as an experimental chemist ought to be, neat-handed to a marvellous degree. How he could pour boiling acid from a vessel that had no spout into a tube held where the thread of the stream was small enough, without spilling a drop; how there never was a drop or grain of spilt matter of any kind left on his lecture table, even after the most complex experiments; and, finally, how, when he died after a life lengthened by abstemious diet, he passed from life so quietly and steadily "as not to spill a cup of milk and water which he at the moment was holding in his hand, and which rested on his knee. His attendants saw him in this posture, and left the room, they saw him sitting exactly as before, and found that he had expired."

We are reminded, also, pleasantly, of that anecdote of Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen and nitrogen, of nitrous oxide and some other gasses, in the discussion of whose zeal as a heretic, Lord Brougham, anxious to be just, is perhaps scarcely so genial as he might be. But the anecdote suffices:

"He happened to visit a friend whose wife received him in her husband's absence, but feared to name him before a Calvinistic divine present. By accident his name was mentioned, and the lady then introduced him. But he of the Genevan school drew back, saying, 'Dr. Joseph Priestley?' and then added, in the American tongue, 'I cannot be cordial.' Whereupon the Doctor, with his usual placid demeanour, said that he and the lady might be allowed to converse until their host should return. By degrees the conversation became general—the *repudiator* was won over by curiosity first, then by gratification; he remained to a late hour hanging upon Priestley's lips; he took his departure at length, and told the host, as he quitted the house, that never had he passed so delightful an evening, though he admitted that he had begun it 'by behaving like a fool and a brute.' One such anecdote (and there are many of them current) is of more force to describe its subject than a hundred laboured panegyrics."

Priestley's character is thus summed up:

"His character is a matter of no doubt, and it is of a high order. That he was a most able, most industrious, most successful student of nature, is clear; and that his name will forever be held in grateful remembrance by all who cultivate physical science, and placed among those of its most eminent masters, is unquestionable. That he was a perfectly conscientious man in all the opinions which he embraced, and sincere in all he published respecting other subjects, appears equally beyond dispute. He was also upright and honourable in all his dealings, and justly beloved by his family and friends as a man spotless in all the relations of life. That he was governed in his public conduct by a temper too hot and irritable to be consistent either with his own dignity or with an amiable deportment, may be freely admitted; and his want of self-command, and want of judgement in the practical affairs of life, was manifest above all in his controversial history; for he can be charged with no want of prudence in the management of his private concerns. His violence and irritability, too, seem equally to have been confined to his public life, for in private all have allowed him the praise of a mild and attractive demeanour; and we have just seen its great power in disarming the prejudices of his adversaries."

In the volume, too, is Cavendish, the patrician philosopher, discoverer of the composition of water, and of nitrous acid, who shrank with a faint cry of distress from any stranger by whom he was accosted, and, shy before women, dared not face his housekeeper, but gave his orders to her by notes left on the hall table.

The shyness of Cavendish, by right of its excess, may pair with Adam Smith's absence of mind. The biographer devotes much space to an analysis of the *Wealth of Nations*, but does not omit to show us the philosopher in the Fishmarket of Edinburgh walking as usual with his hands behind his back and his head in the air, while a queen of the caller herring, taking him to be an idiot in charge of nobody, is crying out "Heigh! sirs, to let the like of him be about!" The like of him might not have been about had not his uncle missed him in good time and rescued him, when, as a child of three years old, he was stolen by the tinkers. It seems but the intervention of a very little chance—if one believed in chance—that saved Newton from being lost in a substantial grazier, and Adam Smith in a vagrant mender of old kettles!

The genius of Davy was of course not to be contained by the bounds of an apothecary's shop. He had the metallic bases of the alkalis to discover, chlorine to fix in its place in science, the safety-lamp to invent, and the homage of both foreigners and his countrymen to earn and obtain. When the war between England and France was at its fiercest, the French National Institute honoured itself and its country by nevertheless crowning an Englishman—Davy—with the first honour founded by Napoleon for scientific desert. Of the homage he received among his countrymen, take the following for an example; adding the fact that the coal-owners, at a public dinner to the inventor of the safety lamp, presented him with a service of plate worth two thousand pounds.

"Retiring home one evening, he observed an ordinary man showing the moon and a planet through a telescope placed upon the pavement. He went up and paid his pence for a look. But no such thing would they permit. 'That's Sir Humphrey,' ran among the people; and the exhibitor, returning his money, said, with an important air which exceedingly delighted him, that he could not think of taking anything from a brother philosopher."

Finally, great among mathematicians, portly among men, there was Simson, who, among all the storms of life from youth upward, when teased by controversy upon every side, he took refuge in the sure science of necessary truth, said that he "always found himself refreshed with rest." Probably no sort of philosopher devotes himself with a more single-minded enthusiasm to his favourite pursuit than the mathematician. The earnestness of Simson carries our minds back to the sixteenth century, when there were scholars working each in his own groove with an enormous industry, and a zeal which in these days of more desultory study appears absolutely awful. That Simson is Euclid every schoolboy knows. In Simson alone Euclid lives. In Lord Brougham's volume we are also told how he restored the Propositions of Apollonius, and nearly broke his heart, as he quite broke his health, in poring over the mystery of Porisms; so that at last, as he writes, "*firmiter animum hæc nunquam in posterum investigare. Unde quoties menti occurrebant, toties eas arcebam.*"

"It happened, however, about the month of April, 1722, that while walking on the banks of the Clyde with some friends, he had fallen behind the company; and musing alone, the rejected topic found access to his thoughts. After some time a sudden light broke in upon him; it seemed at length as if he could descry something of path, slippery, tangled, interrupted, but still practicable, and leading at least in the direction towards the object of his research. He eagerly drew a figure on the stump of a neighbouring tree with a piece of chalk; he felt assured that he had now the means of solving the great problem; and although he afterwards tells us that he then had not a sufficiently clear notion of the subject (*eo tempore Porismatum naturam non satis compertam habemam*), yet he accomplished enough to make him communicate a paper upon the discovery to the Royal Society, the first work he ever published (Phil. Trans. for 1723). He was wont in after life to show the spot on which the tree, long since decayed, had stood."

Simson died with his book of Porisms still unpublished. He could never satisfy himself of its perfection, though the world so readily acknowledged it when it was made public after his decense. His restoration of the Propositions of Apollonius he kept eight years before he suffered it to go to press. Then, when it was printed, his own higher sense of perfection caused him, with a nervous haste, to stop the publication, and buy up what copies had been sold. It was not till after the lapse of another three years that the work appeared. This great mathematician loved the company of friends, dined very regularly with his Saturday Club at Anderston by Glasgow, took pleasure at whist, was strict with his partner, and was fond of calculating chances at which he generally failed. He was fond of music, too, we find, and sometimes would sing a Greek ode to a modern air. "Professor Robison says he twice heard him sing in this manner a Latin hymn 'to the Divine Geometer'; and adds, that the tears trood in his eyes as he gave it with devotional rapture." Truly one needs to be told that there were men of this mould to adorn and redeem the days of George the Third.

** Works of Henry Lord Brougham. Vol. I. Lives of Philosophers of the Time of George III. Vol. II. Lives of Men of Letters of the Reign of George III. Vol. III. Historical Sketches of the Statesmen who flourished in the Reign of George III. Vol. I. Griffin & Co.—*

A FORM OF PRAYER FOR THE SEBASTOPOL THANKSGIVING.

(NOT ORDERED BY ROYAL AUTHORITY.)

God of Mercy and Compassion!

In lowly and in humble homage do we bow our proud hearts before Thy sublime presence and eternal majesty, making confession to Thee in the name of Him who descended from heaven that on earth He might die for the whole human family, and whose blood atoned alike for the transgressions of those who dwell within the coasts of Russia as for the people who inhabit the homes of England or who crowd the thoroughfares of France.

We confess that our workhouses are filled with paupers.

We confess that widows and little children go through our streets crying for bread.

We confess that growing streams of abandoned women invest and pollute our great cities.

We confess that heavy burdens are placed upon the shoulders of the industrious community, which make them despair and sink.

We confess that fraud and felony prevail in all ranks of society, dishonouring the meanest artisan and the highest banking establishments.

We confess that brutal and bloody crimes become more numerous among our people, while the female sex are subjected to every species of indignity and assault.

We confess that many pulpits are filled by timid men and hireling teachers, while the souls of whole parishes are put up and disposed of by public auction.

We confess that we have been substituting forms and ceremonies, titles, pomp, architecture, fine music and public show for the beautiful graces of religion and the spiritual worship of Thyself.

We confess that our statesmen have been struggling for office, for power, for reward and for fame, neglecting the happiness and liberty of the people for their own unholy gains.

We confess that the public journalists of our beloved land have roused the passions of the country for blood, that they might profit by the excitement of fields of battle.

We confess that our statute-book abounds with persecuting enactments, and that many of Thy children have to go to prison rather than outrage a pure conscience.

We confess that we have overlooked our own iniquity and folly, but that we have not been slow in raising an outcry and hurling threats against the iniquity and folly of other nations.

We confess that in our own Indian empire heart-rending tortures are committed upon men and women so nameless that in comparison with this punishment the bastinad of Naples and the knout of Siberia would be mercy.

We confess that we have become mixed up with European quarrels, with diplomatic mysteries, and with political machinations which threaten to involve us in overwhelming bankruptcy and desolating bloodshed.

We confess that we have sent our armies and our warships the round of the whole world in search of conquest and plunder, rousing revolts, decimating communities, and destroying the liberty of old established nations.

We confess that Sebastopol has not been laid low by the might of our own arm, but by the storming legions of France and the desolating fires of the Russian garrison.

We confess that we have put tens of thousands of Thy creatures in Russia to death, although they had done us no manner of wrong or held out no threat against us.

We confess that after waging cruel war for two long years, Thou hast bestowed upon us no gain or advantage, and that we have reaped only boasting, bravery, bloodshed and tears.

We confess that Thou has scourged our camp by the noxious pestilence and desolated our fleet by the furious storm, and that thousands of our fellow-countrymen have thus perished beneath Thy avenging hand.

We confess that the British nation has denied the existence of the mild and merciful Jehovah, and has built up public altars for the worship of Mars, that most sanguinary and monstrous god of the heathens.

We confess that the great, the noble, and the philanthropic men of our race begin to be forgotten, that our praise may be given to men of blood and cruelty—we have cried aloud for a Cromwell and a Palmerston, for a Napoleon and a Cæsar, but have never said, "Behold, we want a Christ."

God of Heaven, have mercy upon us!

Saviour of the Race, in pity restore our reason!

Spirit of Eternal Justice, open our eyes to see our own calamities and degradations!

Supreme Power of Heaven and Earth, is it pleasing and beautiful to Thine own infinitely glorious mind that Sebastopol should be in flames, its ruins stained with human blood, its citadels crowded with slaughtered men, its homes blown up with powder, its life darkened with death, while the anguish of perishing thousands ascends to the place where Thou dwellest asking Thee for mercy which fellow-worms of the dust will not bestow. O God, we cannot thank Thee for this tragedy, unless Thou will open the Heaven and utter Thy own voice and say, "I am its author." We know Thou art the Father of all the nations of mankind. We worship at Thy feet because we understand Thee to be infinite in Thy tender compassion to every man. All have their daily bread from Thy hand, and to every one doest Thou say, "I am the Father, thou art the child." Thou dwellest in a blaze of glorious light that never can be darkened by the diabolical plots of statesmen or tarnished by a bloodshed which earthly passion makes to flow. Thou gavest up Thy own first-born child that Thy earthly children never more might fight; and with faces prostrate in the dust and with eyes covered with tears we will not cast upon Thee the responsibility of human slaughter in the East, but we cast that dread responsibility upon ourselves, and say, "Alas! for us, but our own beloved England is no better than other nations whom we have gone forth to slay—alas for us, because our own interference has made this butchery, our own pride has perpetuated this disaster, our own swords have massacred the living, and our own hands have made graves for the slain. Amen. We are guilty."

Father! have mercy upon our enemies.

Great God! teach us to do them good, not to hate or kill them.

And now, Parent of Angels and of Men, we implore Thee, with these confessions upon our lips, on behalf of our misguided, our bleeding, and almost expiring country. O suffer our beautiful islands of the sea to repose in calm and dignified peace, cultivating every branch of useful industry, promoting every scheme of exalting education, remodelling all our institutions, repressing all our grievances, guarding every virtue, renouncing every vice, in generosity unexcelled, in principle inflexible, and in religion sublime. O let us live that we may lay anew the foundations of our native land, and make England the glory of the world because she is fair and just, not murderous, slaughtering and terrible, and because she is reared upon elements of progress and stability which will endure when engines of death and desolation are banished from the earth. O unite England to Thy own glorious self, in willing, humble and prostrate obedience to Thy own eternal law of goodness, so that when Thou shalt descend, as the only King of universal humanity, to summon all nations before Thy footstool, we may be found to have pursued the paths of truth and righteousness, to have cast aside the vain glorious passions of a brutal patriotism, and to have heralded the kingdoms of the world into the reign of abiding Justice and Perpetual Peace.—[SAXON, *in The* (*London*) *Empire.*

THE OFFICIAL FORM OF PRAYER FOR THE SEBASTOPOL THANKSGIVING.

(ORDERED BY ROYAL AUTHORITY.)

O LORD God Almighty, the Disposer of all human events, in whose hand is power and might which none is able to withstand, we, Thine unworthy servants, desire to approach Thy Throne with the tribute of praise and thanksgiving. We bless and magnify Thy name for the successes granted to our countrymen and the armies allied with them, now engaged in a mighty warfare and defending the rights and independence of nations, and especially for the signal victory by which the stronghold of the enemy has been overthrown. We acknowledge, O Lord, that the wisest counsels and the strongest arms, without Thee, cannot but fail; for Thine, O Lord, is the greatest, and the power, and the victory, and the majesty; and, therefore, not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name, be all praise and glory ascribed.

Continue, we beseech Thee, Thy favour to the allied forces both by sea and land; let not the glory of their progress be stained by ambition or sullied by revenge; but let Thy Holy spirit support them in danger, control them in victory, and raise them above all temptation to evil. And grant that this and all other successes which have crowned the bravery and rewarded the endurance of our armies may issue in the return of peace and the restoration of Christian brotherhood among nations.

Finally, O Lord, we entreat Thee so to dispose and turn our hearts that Thy mercy, now manifested towards us, may engage us to true thankfulness, and incline us, as a nation, to walk more humbly and devoutly before Thee, by obeying Thy Holy Word, by reverencing Thy Holy Day, and by promoting throughout the land the knowledge of Thee, the only true God, and of Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, world without end. Amen. CANTERBURY.

MONUMENT TO MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

"THE family of Margaret Fuller Ossoli," says *The Tribune*, "have just erected to her memory, and that of her husband and child, a marble monument in Mount Auburn Cemetery, in Massachusetts. It is located on Pyrola-Path, in a beautiful part of the grounds, and has near it some noble oaks, while the hand of affection has planted many a flower. The body of Margaret Fuller rests in the ocean; but her memory abides in many hearts. She needs no monumental stone; but human affection loves thus to do honour to the departed. The monument was designed and executed by Mr. Thomas Carew, an artist of Boston. It is upright in form, and on its side facing the avenue is cut in the marble a medallion the size of life, and said to be an excellent likeness of Madame Ossoli; but requiring the right light and point of view. It is surrounded by an exquisitely carved oak wreath. Beneath the medallion is a book, denoting the literary vocation of Margaret Fuller; and near it is seen the hilt of a sword, designating the military profession of the Marquis Ossoli, who was Captain of the Civic Guard during the Roman Revolution of 1848. Above the medallion is a star [*], which was Madame Ossoli's signature in the *New York Tribune;* but is designed for the higher purpose of signifying that, even as the stars shine bright in the heavens when earth is dark, so do she and hers live in brightness and joy, though on earth there are many who deeply mourn their departure. The whole is surmounted with the cross, that emblem of the Christian faith—its trials, often its death of agony; but betokening, too, that even as Christ died and rose again and ascended to Heaven, so also shall all who love as He loved, endure faithfully as He endured, and die trustingly even as he died. There is no emblem especially designed for the little child; but near by is a marble slab, with an appropriate inscription, beneath which his dust reposes. The following is the inscription on the monument:

ERECTED
IN MEMORY OF
MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI,
Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, May 23, 1810.
By birth, a citizen of New England; by adoption, a citizen of Rome; by genius, belonging to the World. In youth, an insatiate student, seeking the highest culture; in riper years, Teacher, Writer, Critic of Literature and Art; in maturer age, Companion and Helper of many earnest Reformers in America and Europe.
AND,
In memory of her husband,
GIOVANNI ANGELO, MARQUIS OSSOLI.
He gave up rank, station and home for the Roman Republic, and for his wife and child.
AND,
In memory of that child,
ANGELO EUGENE PHILIP OSSOLI,
Born in Rieti, Italy, Sept. 5, 1848,
Whose dust reposes at the foot of this stone.
They passed from life together by shipwreck, July 19th, 1850.
United in life by mutual love, labours and trials, the Merciful Father took them together, and
IN DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED.

THE LAST OF THE RANDOLPHS.

A SOUTHERN correspondent of the *Home Journal* sends that paper the following interesting sketch:

"During the summer of 1854 I had some business transactions which called me to the County of Charlotte, in lower Virginia. A mild and lovely Sabbath morning found me seated in one of the comfortably cushioned pews of the village church, at the Court-House. As it wanted a few minutes to the hour of service, my eye wandered over the large and respectful-looking audience assembled, and was finally attracted by a very eccentric individual, who was just entering—a rather aged man, tall, of dark complexion, long white hair waving plentifully over his shoulders, and an equally venerable beard flowing on his breast. His step was active and graceful, his form erect and manly. But his peculiar actions were in striking contrast to his dignified appearance. At first, I thought him only eccentric, but a few moments of farther observation proved to me that he was insane. Immediately on entering his pew he knelt towards the wall, crossed himself, and, apparently, repeated a prayer. He then sat down, drew out a white cambric, delicately perfumed, wiped his brow, removed his gloves, stroked his hair and beard, took up his Bible, kissed it and read, examined his cane, used his handkerchief again—and all the time keeping himself in constant motion. I say all the time, but, occasionally, he was passive for a few minutes—his attention, apparently, aroused by some truths from the minister: but these times were rare. His countenance assumed all kinds of expressions. Contempt, alarm, pleasure, earnestness, sorrow, and anger, flitted across it in rapid succession. It reminded me more of what children call "making faces" than anything else.

"After the services were over, I ascertained that this gentleman was no other than the nephew of John Randolph, of Roanoke. He calls himself Sir John St. George Randolph, and is sole heir to his celebrated uncle. Randolph himself remarked, with bitterness, during his last days, that their blood flowed in the veins of but one single scion, and he was *deaf, dumb,* and *insane.* So much for human greatness. The subject of this sketch—although physically, and now, mentally, defective—had a mind cultivated in the highest degree. In his youth he was sent to Paris, where, under the protection of a celebrated abbé, he received a thorough education. Having the capacity to receive, and the wealth to command, no pains were spared in the improvement of his intellectual faculties. But it was labour lost; for, on returning to his home in Virginia, he met with and loved a young lady, whom he addressed, but was refused, on account of his physical defects. On becoming aware of the truth, he was plunged in the most profound grief, from which he was at last aroused, but—insane.

"He has considerable wealth, which is managed by his friends; and, being harmless, he comes and goes as he pleases, and is gratified in all his whims. Wrecked, as his mind is, he still commands respect; and his peculiar manners do not attract the attention of his acquaintances, or excite merriment, as one would suppose. B."

THE PROGRESS OF TEA DRINKING.

IN the meanwhile, the love of tea was on the increase, and had made its way far east of Temple Bar. Every year enlarged the consumption, and the drinking of it was no longer confined to the refined and wealthy; the community at large were beginning to appreciate the precious beverage, which refreshed and strengthened, and at the same time exhilerated their spirits, without any of the after consequences of ordinary stimulants.

From the year 1710, the importation had gone on increasing, and in 1737 had reached to such an extent that the ruin of England was predicted as certain to ensue, from the general use of so effeminate and unnatural a drink.

"If we compare the nature of tea," says a writer of the *Grub Street Journal* of the latter date, "with the nature of English diet, no one can think it a proper vegetable for us; but were it," he continues, after pointing out various evil qualities, "as entirely wholesome as balsam or mint, it were yet mischievous enough to have our whole population used to sip warm water in a mincing, effeminate manner twice a day," &c.; and he goes on imputing all the political evils of the preceding twenty years to the drinking of tea; and ends by prophesying that, if the use of it is continued for another century, the English will have to hire foreigners to do their hard work for them, and will be incapable of defending themselves in case of need.

This attack was followed up by others equally overwhelming. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the same year informs us that it affects adults, who take it for the first time, with dejection of spirits, palpitation of the heart, trembling, fearfulness, and other symptoms common to narcotics, such as poppies, nightshade, and other poisonous simples; and the children bred with it are only fit for footmen and chamber-maids—and, in fine, threatens an ultimate end to the population, if its use is not in some degree prohibited by government.

Women were warned against its use, on pain of its rendering them childless; it was also said to be fatal to their complexions, making those who were of a cool constitution, pale, or tawny, or swarthy—and conferring on those who were of a warm temperament, red, ruby, plain-looking faces, with red noses; while, at the same time, they were told it shrivelled up the skin, and brought wrinkles before age. Surely, if such threatenings had no avail with the fair tea-drinkers of those days, any more than the loss of strength, and courage, and manliness with which the male portion of the population were menaced, the love of the Chinese drink must have become a deep-rooted predilection with the people. But, despite these direful fulminations, which were now reechoed and now opposed in the literary atmosphere of Grub street—one of the defenders averring, amongst other virtues, that it "preserved from accidents, from ill air, and to which divers ambassadors residing in those parts (the East Indies) use it every morning"—the popularity of Gunpowder and Bohea remained undiminished; the rich luxuriated in them more than ever, and the poor would have the latter, whatever else they went without. So much, indeed, had the demand increased, that the French began to import it, and established a trade to this island, which was another thorn in the sides of the anti-tea-drinkers.

At this period, Ranelagh was in the height of its vogue, and there, in the days of the "Connoisseur," it was the fashion to resort on Sunday evenings, when, in deference to morality, the only amusement was tea drinking and the card table!—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Mr. Alderman Salomons, a Jew, has been elected Lord Mayor of London by a large majority.

——Whilst the Napier correspondence was going on in the *Advertiser*, the newspaper used to be sent to the Lords of the Admiralty regularly, with the following endorsement: "A Napier-ient Pill for Sir James—one or two to be taken every morning."—*Punch.*

——The Duke of Northumberland is making noble amends for his Admiralty mistakes. We learn that he is expending $50,000 a-year on new cottages, farm-houses, draining and so forth. Long may his Grace remain out of the Admiralty to serve his country.

——At the late meeting of the British Association, Dr. Pearson, in the chemical section, asserted that there were only two articles manufactured for food which were not adulterated—common salt and refined lump-sugar. He challenged any gentleman present to add another article to the list.

——A crazy woman, living near Rydal, was asked if she ever saw Mr. Wordsworth, and what sort of a man he was. "Oh, indeed," says she, "he is canny enough at times; and though he goes *booing his pottery* (repeating his poetry) through the woods, he will now and then say, 'How do you do, Nanny?' as sensible as you or I!"

——Compliments may be offered in all sincerity, and yet have a very equivocal sound, as in the case of the city knight unable to aspirate the letter H, who, being deputed to address William III., exclaimed, "Future ages, recording your Majesty's exploits will pronounce you to have been *a Nero*." Not less honest and ambiguous was the negro's compliment to the emancipator—"Gorramighty bless Massa Wilberforce! He had a white face, but he had a black heart."

——I think Channing an admirable writer. So much sense and eloquence! such a command of language! Yet admirable as his sermon on war is, I have the vanity to think my own equally good, quite as sensible, quite as eloquent, as full of good princip